

Special Report: The urea formaldehyde aftermath

MARCH 1983, \$2.50

# Atlantic Insight



**Artist Tom Forrestall's  
conquered eastern  
Europe. Now his eyes  
are on China**

**In Nfld.: Who'll control  
provincial airwaves?**

**In N.B.: Gas leaks  
foul community  
water supplies**

**The Region:  
Under the "B"  
...it's bingo fever**





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# Atlantic Insight

MARCH 1983, Vol. 5 No. 3



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COVER PHOTO BY DAVID NICHOLS



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## Editor's Letter

# Dear Ottawa: Don't do us any more favors. We're still up to our chins in foam

It's been a while since the passing from Canadian provincial politics' centre stage of my favorite environmental commentator, Flying Phil Gagliardi of British Columbia. Flying Phil was a minister in Wacky Bennett's cabinet and a mean hand at dealing with pollution fighters, environmental protectionists and other nuisances. A little pollution, said Flying Phil in his most famous sally, never hurt anybody. The smell of pollution, he went on, is the smell of money.

There'd be small sympathy, if any, from Flying Phil and his followers for those homeowners, interviewed in our New Brunswick report, whose domestic water supplies have been inundated with leakages from aging gas-storage tanks. And even less, I'll bet, for the homeowners from around the Atlantic region who, five years after the fact, are stuck with homes insulated, at federal government encouragement, with urea formaldehyde foam, homes they're unable or scared to live in, yet can't sell (Special Report, page 26).

Flying Phil would probably want to point out a few home truths. Not all UFFI homeowners suffer ill effects from the stuff. Experts don't know why, although, as Susan Murray points out in her story, "it appears to depend on the installation procedures, the quality and composition of the chemicals, the moisture and temperature of the house, and on the sensitivity of the resident." Could be just allergies which are aggravated by the gas from the foam. Could be just a sniffle. Scientists, of course, have determined that the gas can cause cancer in laboratory animals, but what doesn't? Could be the whole fuss is nothing more than a panic among a bunch of sissies, egged on by the always sensation-mongering media which, as always, is bad for business. If everyone had kept their mouths shut, you wouldn't have prices for UFFI homes dropping like lead balloons or real estate agents refusing to list such houses for sale.

The federal government approved urea formaldehyde foam insulation in 1977. By 1980, it banned the use of the substance under the Hazardous Products Act and later set up a \$110-million assistance program. It makes up to \$5,000 per home available for removal of the insulation, a process which has cost some Atlantic Canadian home-



owners \$30,000.

But the cause of the problem didn't lie merely in the fact that the government approved the foam. It encouraged its use actively, making subsidies available to homeowners who were prepared to use it. That brought out a number of honest contractors who tried their best to handle installation properly, but also some sleazier operators who compounded the problem. They either didn't know how to install the insulation or didn't care. Of course, that hardly matters. Urea formaldehyde, as it now appears, was never much of an insulator anyway. One Nova Scotian contractor quoted by Murray says the stuff shrinks and crumbles after it's installed: "The insulation value is no better than a sheet of glass. The formaldehyde continues to deteriorate and simply ends up as a powder at the bottom of the wall."

Ottawa's token offer of assistance to stricken homeowners reaches its cut-off point this June. Apart from that, its only significant presence in the urea formaldehyde controversy consisted of a tawdry effort to silence a federal civil servant who, as president of a UFFI homeowners' group, had criticized the government for its handling of the affair. Paul McNeill, who'd spent \$12,500 to rid his place of the foam, was later vindicated by a grievance board. Perhaps, as his bosses thought, he should have kept his mouth shut. No doubt, Flying Phil would have agreed. No smell so sweet to a hard-nosed businessman as that smell of leaking gas.

*Marilyn MacDonald*



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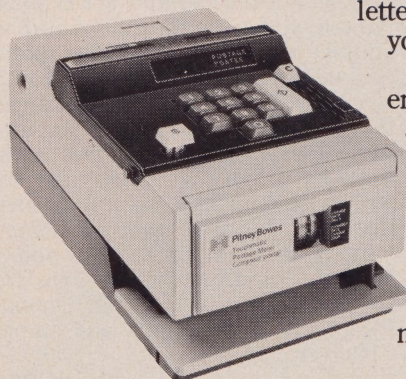
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# FEEDBACK

## The case for Dal Law School

Allison Crowe, in the October issue, focused on the "flaws in Paradise" at Dalhousie Law School (*Why Johnny Can't Practise Law*, Opinion). I cannot say that her impressions are incorrect, but I would like to share my impressions. I started Dalhousie Law School with all the stereotypical prejudices: I expected a drudgery of a three-year course spent in the company of unimaginative, corporation-enamored, big-buck-directed drones. Instead, I have enjoyed a stimulating, challenging educational experience. The case-study method is not religiously pursued; seminar courses and individualized teaching methods are common. And the case method isn't really so bad. It teaches people to think on their feet, read judicial decisions critically and, not least of all, to be prepared. As to social concerns, third-year students can get involved at the Dal Legal Aid clinic (now critically needed in the face of legal aid cutbacks) and they can do it for credit. Those of us who are so inclined can assist as volunteers on other issues. For instance, Allison and I helped the Urea Formaldehyde Foam Insulation Fight Group with their hearing before the Hazardous Products Review Board, recruited to do so by one of our professors. Of course, not all students have public service on their minds. The profession is not known for altruism. But if students are to be good lawyers, the training they receive at law schools across the country should do what Dal Law tries to do—force a degree of academic excellence, awareness of broader social issues and hope that when they launch a fledgling lawyer out in to the world of articles and practice he will not be a mere practising, money-making machine, but a caring, thinking human being.

Elizabeth E. May  
Halifax, N.S.

## Setting the record straight

Being an ex-skydiver (with about 100 jumps), I was particularly interested in reading about Warren Searle in the October, 1982, Folks section. I knew Warren when I was skydiving and was glad to see that he is still active. I was, however dismayed at the statement "most skydivers jump from small aircraft at 8,000 feet and land about 30 seconds later." According to the free-fall table published by the Canadian Sport Parachuting Association, a person falls a vertical distance of 4,615 feet in 30 seconds. A normal parachute descent usually takes two to three minutes plus the free fall portion of the jump from 8,000 feet which is about 35 seconds. It would indeed be a "brief trip" if a landing was experienced about 30 seconds after jumping from 8,000 feet. I thought the record should be set

straight so that anyone considering skydiving would not be misled.

Tom Humes  
Cranbrook, B.C.

## This party adds, not subtracts

There are three things I would like to make clear with reference to Glenn Wananamaker's account of the work of the Cape Breton Labor Party (*Launching the Separatist Ship*, Nova Scotia, November). First, I am not a "separatist" and the party is not a separatist party. Rather than seeking to break up Canada, as separatists do, we seek to strengthen Canada by hopefully seeing more provinces added to what we now have. Secondly, I did not commission the forged letter with a facsimile of my signature written in at the bottom over a typed script, circulated in 1979, concerning the Cape Breton County municipal election. That document was prepared in Halifax by people working inside the NDP offices there, at a time I can prove to anyone that I was in Cape Breton. A simple handwriting comparison would show the fake signature on it is not mine at all. That such "evidence" was used to justify my expulsion from the NDP should show anyone why that particular injustice is so completely unacceptable. Finally, I would strongly challenge the legend that James "Buddy" McEachern, the former MLA for Cape Breton Centre, ever "defended" me. McEachern wanted me expelled because he thought that otherwise I would be next in line to become party leader, and this conflicted with his own ambitions. He was defeated, in my view, because of a very justified public backlash, not against his having "defended" me, but rather against his having stabbed me in the back.

Paul MacEwan  
Sydney, N.S.

## Yes, Ray, there are Newfies in B.C.

It seems to me that Ray Guy has a definite hangup about mountains (*If B.C.'s So Perfect, How Come There Aren't More Newfoundlanders There?* October). Mountains aren't the only things available here in B.C. Seems to me the author could have been doing a lot more than gawk at mountains looking for Newfoundlanders. If he is ever in these parts again, I could arrange for him to meet some of his Newfie brothers and sisters. The places in which I have met most of my Newfie friends were bars, social activities, etc. One thing I cannot believe is that in one month, the author was able to advocate that all B.C.ers are weird and need missionary personnel to save them. I am not writing as a B.C.er; I am a true bluenoser from Meteghan River, N.S., living in Victoria, and I have more than one month's experience in B.C.

Jean-Paul Belliveau  
Victoria, B.C.

## Nowlan offends Americans

I am utterly appalled, outraged, revolted and disgusted by Alden Nowlan's reference to "gruesome American" tourists (*Nowlan in Ireland: A Poet's Progress*, Cover Story, October). As a former Maritimer residing in the U.S., and a visitor to the Atlantic provinces several times every year, I am deeply distressed to think that I am doubtless included in this sweeping public generalization by "one of Canada's outstanding poets." But then, I am sure, Nowlan is speaking for himself and not for the thousands of Atlantic province citizens who unfailingly welcome their American guests with every hospitality and kindness. Perhaps this is his deranged idea of "poetic licence." If there should be a sharp decline in the number of Americans visiting Atlantic Canada next year, much of the credit must be imputed to *Atlantic Insight* and your own "proud Son of the War Cry" himself.

Mrs. Thomas Talbot  
Cape Elizabeth, Me.

## Guy offends New Brunswickers

Being a New Brunswicker, I took exception to being called "stunned" by Ray Guy (*If B.C.'s So Perfect, How Come There Aren't More Newfoundlanders There?* October). And then, in the November issue, Mr. Guy pokes fun at New Brunswick again, "... apply for auditor-general of New Brunswick." Why must he continually single out New Brunswick, when everyone knows that this the best province in the country, with the best people, the best government, and, perhaps, the best educational system. (To keep our people safe from being stunned.) So come on, Guy. Open your eyes. Try not to be so stunned.

D. G. McGarrigle  
Sussex, N.B.

## Not worth the effort

Your December, 1982, edition was unworthy of the effort to flip through it. If you could not afford a decent issue, then you could have openly confessed rather than hide behind drivel such as "as a way of celebrating our rebirth with you, we're planning something special." Besides, I have all the articles you just reprinted sitting on my shelf. It appears that over the last year or so, article writing is being monopolized. Is there such a lack of journalists that some writers have to have several articles in one issue? I look to your magazine for various writing styles and viewpoints. I believe I have detected a slight trend toward a Halifax bias and emphasis. Please cease, or change the name to "Halifax Insight."

Bruce Steeves  
Strathmore, Alta.



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# B I N G O

## Who'll control the big bonanza?

*In Atlantic Canada, the nation's bingo capital, an army of addicts has turned the game into a multimillion-dollar industry — and a headache for law enforcement officials*

By Stephen Kimber

**A**nd then there was the time, Shirley tells me, when the others got together to buy her a nightie for her birthday.

"It wasn't a nightie," Vera corrects her quickly. "It was a teddy."

"Whatever," Shirley continues, undeterred. "They gave me this little frilly thing. Gave it to me right here and held it up so everybody could see. I almost died I was so embarrassed."

Shirley laughs, a rich, full, unembarrassed laugh that echoes off the walls in the still empty bingo parlor. It is 7:15 on a wet January night at Halifax's Northwood Centre, and Shirley, Vera, Mary and Ada are playing Scat and telling tales as they pass the time before tonight's bingo game begins.

"Remember the time when we brought the tweezers to the Forum last summer," Vera says as she lights another cigarette. She turns to me. "See, we hadn't won in I don't know how long, and we were all getting pretty frustrated. Well, the fellow who was calling the bingo there had a beard, so we all came in one night and told him if we didn't win, we were going to take off his beard with the tweezers. Hair by hair." She giggles. "I think he believed us."

"I wouldn't laugh too hard," Shirley says to me quickly. "You just wait and see what we'll do to you if you use our real names in your magazine."

Shirley, Vera, Mary and Ada — all happily married, middle-aged housewives and office workers — have been playing bingo together for 20 years. They

play seven nights a week.

"It's an addiction," Shirley allows without remorse. "If seven o'clock rolls around and I'm still at home, I get all twitchy wishing I was at bingo." She isn't at all surprised to learn that one out of 10 members of Gamblers Anonymous is a bingo addict. "But we don't drink or run around," she says defensively. "And there's hardly any movies worth seeing anyway. So why not?"

They have agreed to introduce me to the intricacies of bingo tonight on the condition I not use their real names. "Otherwise," Ada says, "we'd have to lie to you."

"Our husbands still don't know how much we spend," Mary explains.

How much do they spend?

"Oh, \$18 to \$20 a night," Shirley says, "unless we play mini-bingo. Then it can get up around \$30, \$35 a night."

Seven nights a week?

"Oh sure," Vera says, "but we win



A Halifax bingo hall: Nova Scotians spent \$70 million on bingo last year



some too. I worked it out the other night and, up until Christmas, I made \$218 short of \$10,000 since May last year."

"Vera's lucky," Ada confides. "None of the rest of us come out ahead. We just come for the fun. And to see each other. Sometimes we even win." They all laugh.

"Testing one, two, three," the bingo caller barks into the microphone. By now, about 350 people — mostly middle-aged women but with a fair smattering of younger people and many men, too — have arrived at the hall. Almost as one, the women dispense with their card game, pull out printed sheets of bingo cards — nine cards to a sheet — and prepare for action.

Vera, Shirley, Mary and Ada are part of an almost invisible but incredibly potent army of bingo addicts who have transformed this most simple of gambling games — a 450-year-old variation of an Italian parlor game called lotto — from one played occasionally in church basements to raise money for new choir uniforms into a multimillion-dollar business with its own seven-night-a-week halls, professional callers and \$10,000 prizes.

Bingo has become big business for bingo hall operators and an important and lucrative source of revenue for charities, but it is also a major worry for provincial governments and law enforcement agencies who fear the cash-flush game may be too tempting a target for criminals. In Nova Scotia — Atlantic Canada's bingo capital — the result is a growing controversy over who should control the game and its take.

The reason for that is understandable when you look at bingo's statistics. Last year, Nova Scotia granted more than 500 bingo licences, 25 of them to seven-night-a-week operators. In Halifax, on any given night, 2,500 people play bingo at one of the city's dozen parlors. In New Brunswick, officials estimate 55,000 people — 12% of the province's population — play at least once a month. Last year, Nova Scotians spent an incredible \$70 million on the game. Bingo profits accounted for \$127,000 — or 10% — of all the outside funds raised by Halifax's Izaak Walton Killam Hospital for Children in 1982. And, at the Halifax Forum, officials report they made more than \$1,200-a-night profit last year from their summertime bingo games, which started as little more than a way to keep staff employed during the quiet summer months. The Forum Commission now makes as much from a night of bingo as it used to earn for renting the rink for a Nova Scotia Voyageurs professional hockey game.

"We're talking about what is really a \$1.5-billion industry in this country," frets Sgt. Les Pregitzer, the RCMP's gaming specialist in the Atlantic region. "With millions in cash going across bingo tables every day, the potential for ripoffs is mind-boggling. There are a hundred or more ways for people to slip

money into their pockets, from paying off people they know to skimming cash off the top. With cash, it's easy."

Bingo first became popular in Canada during the Depression as what writer Scott Young called "the Canadian equivalent of a fling at the gaming tables of Cannes." Until 1970, it was illegal. Even church bingos were sometimes raided and parish priests hauled off to jail. But people kept playing, so Ottawa finally amended the criminal code in 1970 to permit provincial governments to license and regulate various forms of lotteries, including bingo. The idea was to allow charities to legally run their own bingos while keeping criminals from

turning the game into their own private profit centres.

Nova Scotia established its lottery commission in 1974, but the other Atlantic provinces didn't follow suit until recently. Newfoundland, for example, is just now putting the finishing touches on its new gaming rules. "We used to have what amounted to a tolerance policy in that we looked the other way with bingos that were operated by bona fide charities," explains Herb Vivien, director of licensing for Newfoundland's Department of Justice. "But we noticed an increased number of abuses by private entrepreneurs who got involved and kept the proceeds for themselves." New-



## Captain Morgan White.

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## THE REGION

foundland's new regulations, patterned on those in Nova Scotia, will come into effect this summer.

New Brunswick's lottery commission, also modelled on the Nova Scotia setup, has been operating for about a year. Prince Edward Island, the only province in the country without its own lottery commission, still has no plans for bingo licensing laws. Although bingos operate there, Sgt. Pregitzer admits, they do so illegally.

Ironically, despite the lack of government attention to the game here, Sgt. Pregitzer says bingo "is far more popular in the Atlantic provinces than anywhere else in Canada." Residents of more populous and prosperous Alberta, he notes, spend considerably less on bingo than do Nova Scotians.

But even with government efforts, controlling bingo operations won't be easy. Nova Scotia's oft revised rules, for instance, have usually been little more than rearguard actions designed to plug previously missed loopholes. Initially, the province OK'd both charitable and commercial bingo operations, but then found the amateur, sometime efforts put on by the charities simply couldn't compete with the professional, full-time bingo parlors, so it amended the rules in 1980 to permit bingos run by recognized charities to offer unlimited

prizes while restricting commercial bingos to maximum prizes of \$100 per game.

But many private operators quickly found an easy and profitable way around the restriction. They teamed up with recognized charities. In exchange for the charity's name on the bingo licence, the commercial operator provided the hall, ran the bingo and gave 25% of the proceeds to the charity. It also used the charity's freedom to offer huge prizes as a means of luring even more paying customers to the hall. The result was more and more extravagant bingo operations.

"That," allows provincial lottery officer Terry Kelly with a sigh, "wasn't the idea at all." To make sure bingo's benefits go only to real charities, he says, the province was forced to change its rules again late last year. It will now require charities to use their own members to run the games and prohibit them from operating more than three nights a week.

That has incensed many charitable groups. Andy McMillin, the Izaak Walton Killam's fund-raising director, complains the new rules "will cripple our fund-raising efforts at a time when raising money is really tough." He says that, unlike other charities, the IWK doesn't have members who could volunteer to

run its bingos, and he worries that being forced to operate only three nights a week would ultimately make the whole operation uneconomic. The IWK's seven-night-a-week Halifax bingo, which is run by a private operator for the hospital, has been an incredible success. "We think it's been a pretty good partnership all round. We get a lot of money for the hospital, the bingo players get a good, honest, well-run game and the commercial operator keeps his business going and people employed in these tough times. What more can anyone ask?"

McMillin, who worries that the government's real goal may be to control bingo's lucrative revenue potential in the same way governments now control lotteries, recently met with Fisher Hudson, Nova Scotia's minister in charge of the lottery commission, to urge him to reconsider the rule changes. "If it won't," he says, "it's going to mean the end for a lot of charities."

But not, Vera believes, for bingo. "People have been playing forever," she says, "and they'll find a way to keep going no matter what." She laughs. "There's too many people like us around for it to disappear."

"Under the 'I' 33—"  
"Bingo!" shouts Vera.  
And Bingo it is.



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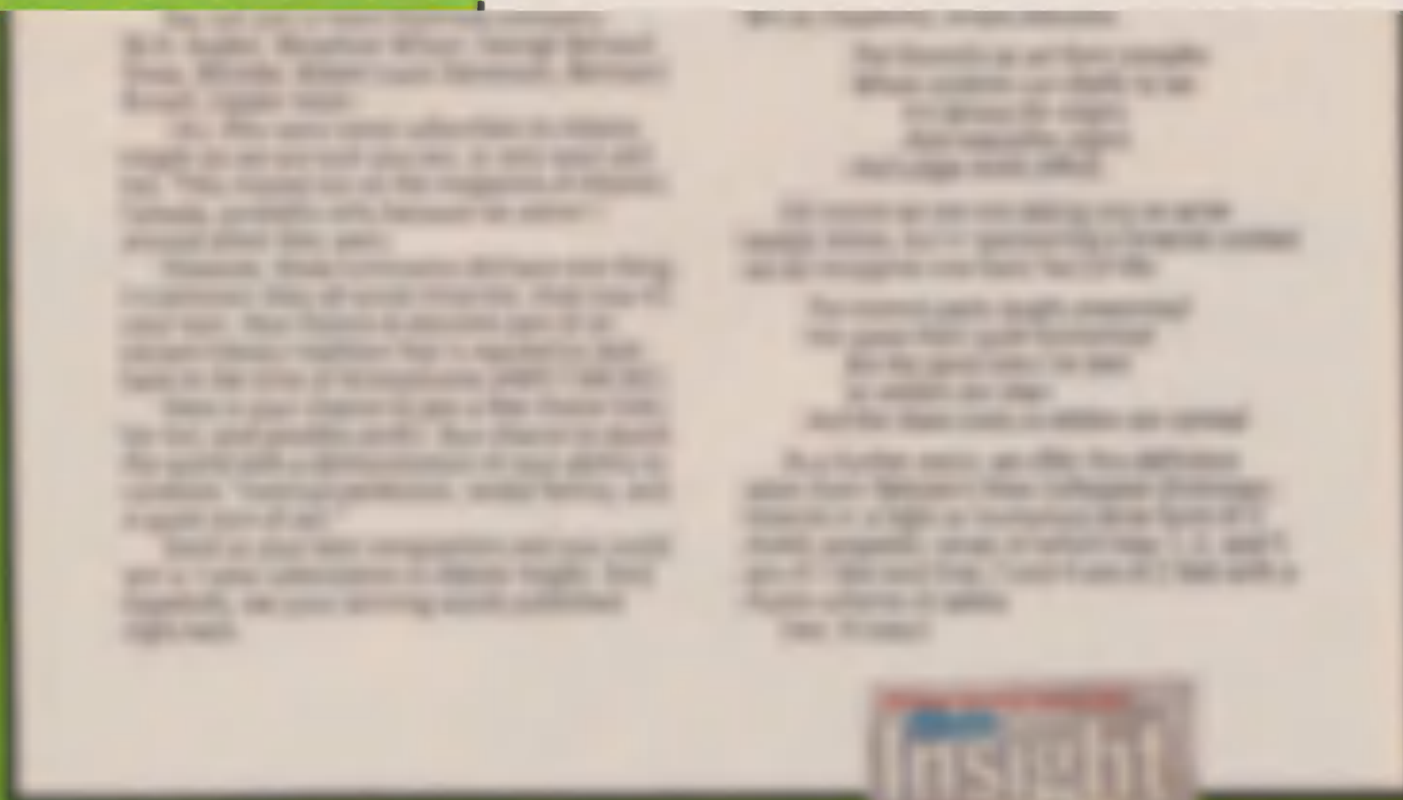
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No, they were never subscribers to *Atlantic Insight* (as we are sure you are, or very soon will be). They missed out on the magazine of Atlantic Canada, probably only because we weren't around when they were.

However, those luminaries did have one thing in common: they all wrote limericks. And now it's your turn. Your chance to become part of an ancient literary tradition that is reputed to date back to the time of Aristophanes (448?-380 BC).

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We say hopefully, simply because,

*The limerick's an art form complex  
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And masculine urgin's  
And vulgar erotic effects*

Of course we are not asking you to write bawdy verses, but in sponsoring a limerick contest we do recognize one basic fact of life:

*The limerick packs laughs anatomical  
Into space that's quite economical  
But the good ones I've seen  
So seldom are clean  
And the cleans ones so seldom are comical*

As a further assist, we offer this definition taken from Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary. limerick *n*: a light or humorous verse form of 5 chiefly anapestic verses of which lines 1, 2, and 5 are of 3 feet and lines 3 and 4 are of 2 feet with a rhyme scheme of *aabba*  
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Contest closes March 31, 1983. Entries may or may not be published in *Atlantic Insight* at the discretion of the editor.

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# How East Coast Energy staked its claim on the oil patch

*Opponents of the provincial government call it a sweet Tory deal. Company officials say it was a gamble that everybody won*

**T**he 83-year-old grandmother wanted 27 shares of East Coast Energy Ltd. But when the stockbroker began to write up the purchase on a single stock certificate, she curtly told him that wouldn't do. She was giving her 27 grandchildren one share each as a Christmas present, and she needed a separate certificate for each one. The exasperated broker, used to dealing in thousands of shares and hundreds of thousands of dollars, laboriously filled out 27 individual certificates. With the total bill just \$405, it cost him more to make out the certificates than he earned with his \$28.35 commission on the sale.

Fred Doucet, East Coast Energy Ltd.'s chief executive officer, loves to tell the story. "It would have been a simple matter to raise the kind of money we were looking for [\$9 million] in central Canada or out west," he says. "We could have done that over breakfast any day. But we wanted this company to have shareholders in places like Ecum Secum and Shediac and Florence and Grand Etang."

Doucet was born in the small Cape Breton village of Grand Etang 44 years ago. Although his Acadian father eked out a living fishing, farming and barbering, he still managed to put four of their six children through university. Selling ECEL's shares to the public, Doucet

explains, is his way of saying thanks to "my unusually determined parents."

"We wanted Atlantic Canadians to have a chance — perhaps the last real opportunity they'll have — to get an ownership stake in the development of their own resources. In that," he adds proudly, "we have succeeded in spades."

In the first public share offering ever purposely restricted to Atlantic Canadian retail buyers, East Coast Energy raised \$3 million in little over a month last fall. Many investors bought only a share or two each. (The remainder of the \$6 million raised came from institutional investors, most centred outside the region.)

ECEL's success — and the controversy that accompanied it — can be explained in a single word: Venture. Late last summer, virtually unknown ECEL bought 10% of the Nova Scotia government's 10% interest in the Venture field, Nova Scotia's first commercial gas find.

Doucet, a geologist and former fundraiser for St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish; his brother Gerald, a lawyer and former Tory cabinet minister; and Gordon Crowell, a Truro native with his own Calgary-based energy consulting firm, had set up ECEL just a year earlier to get in on the ground floor of what they believed would be an offshore

boom. After assembling a "Who's Who" board of directors neatly balanced between Tories and Liberals like former Nova Scotia Development minister Ralph Fiske, they raised \$2 million in seed money from 180 Maritime investors and quietly began creating a modest energy investment portfolio. They gobbled up small bites of several east coast exploration ventures as well as minor interests in a few Alberta and U.S. fields, then bought 25% ownership of ICGS Scotia Gas, one of the firms hoping to distribute Sable Island gas.

But ECEL's \$8.5-million purchase of the Venture interest from Nova Scotia Resources Ltd., a provincial Crown corporation — announced less than six months after the province bought into the field and only two months after Mobil released word the find was commercial — put an end to the company's low profile. Opposition critics were aghast. NDP leader Alexa McDonough, for one, called it a "typical back door deal between Tory friends," and argued the government should have held its share "for all Nova Scotians."

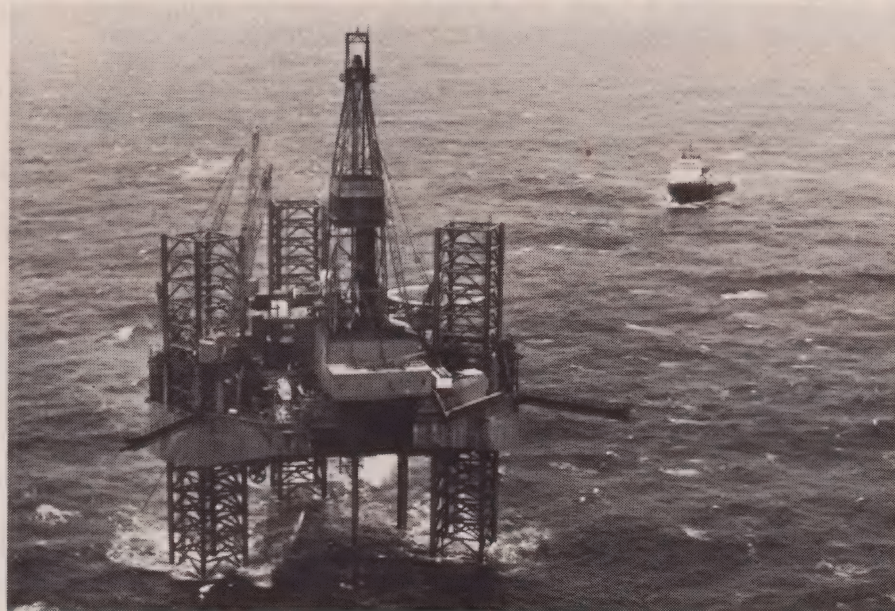
But Doucet, who insists ECEL offered to buy part of the field even before Mobil's announcement, says it was just one of those deals in which everyone won. Financially strapped Nova Scotia, which purchased its 10% share for \$52 million, made a \$3-million profit while hanging on to the bulk of its investment. And ECEL gained the high profile investment it needed to do what it had wanted to do from the beginning: Go public. "That," argues Doucet, "was always our intention."

In the short term, the company plans to use its share-selling success to land a stock exchange listing while it looks for other lucrative offshore investments. ("As the only indigenous company now operating in what is the world's most active oil patch," Doucet boasts, "we can expect to be courted by the majors for some joint venture deals.")

Doucet admits there are still questions to be answered. How will a settlement of the Ottawa-St. John's jurisdictional dispute or falling world oil prices affect the pace of Nova Scotia's offshore development? But he's almost cocky about the future. "If we're right about the Scotian Shelf's energy potential, that \$15 share you bought today might be worth \$100, \$200, \$500 — who really knows? The sky's the limit! — in 10 years."

If that happens, no one will be more pleased or proud than ECEL's honorary chairman of the board. The company's prospectus lists him as one Joseph Simon Doucet, a retired fisherman from Grand Etang, N.S., not to mention the father of the company's chief executive officer.

—Stephen Kimber



Oil rig in "the world's most active oil patch"

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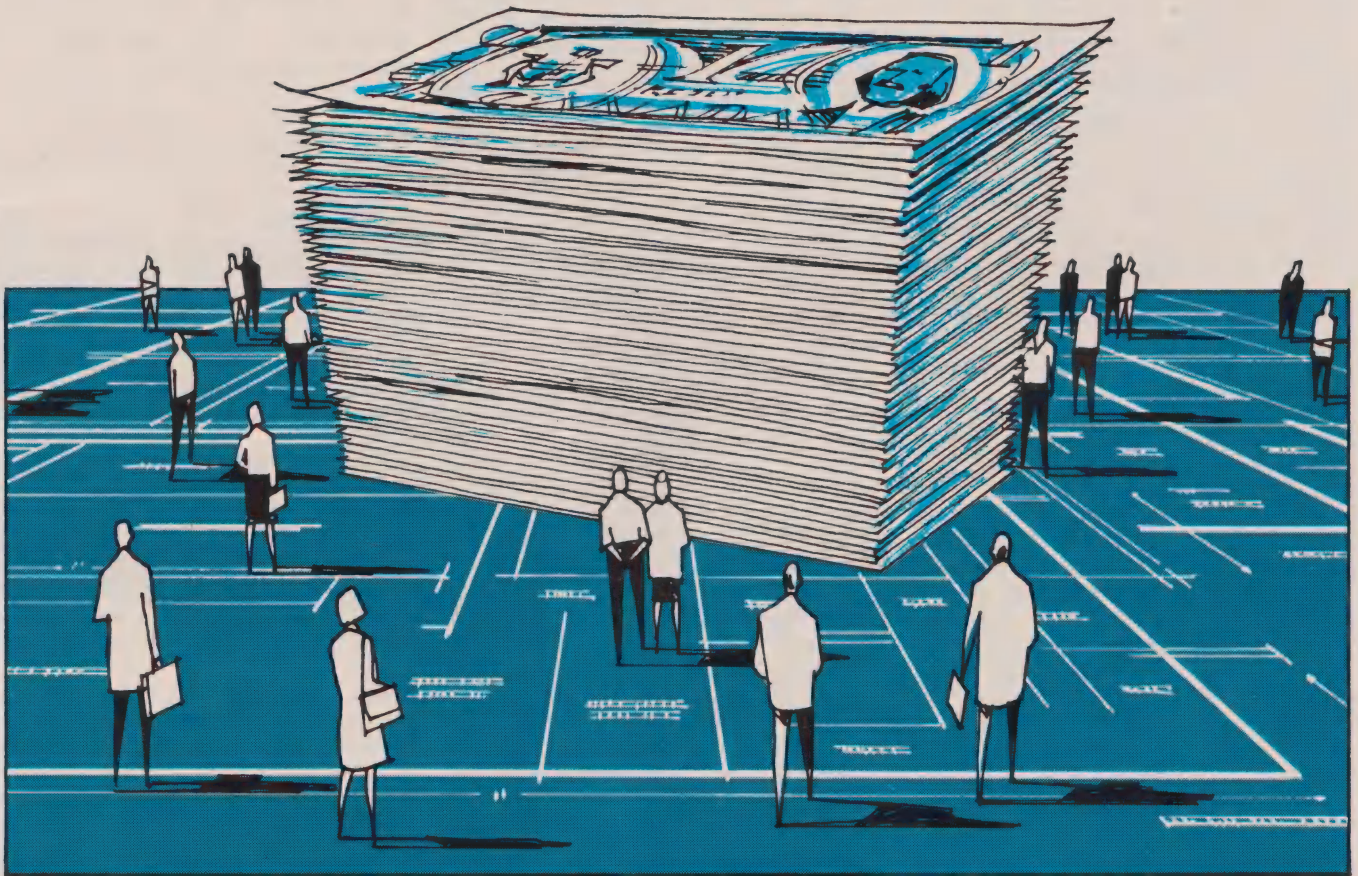
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## Staying in business by thinking thin

*Despite shutdowns by the big plants, the news about Island industry isn't all bad. Some tiny, perfect firms are surviving*

Last year was bad enough: First, Georgetown Seafoods Ltd. on the eastern end of Prince Edward Island closed down, eliminating 300 jobs. Then Roadrunner Jeans Inc. in Charlottetown closed; 60 more jobs lost. And with unemployment running at about 13%, Islanders face the loss of another 225 jobs this fall, when Canada Packers Ltd. shuts down its Charlottetown plant.

Traditionally, Island politicians have been preoccupied at this time of year with the old economic mainstays, farming, fishing and tourism. But when the provincial legislature meets this spring, problems of the Island's ailing industries — made worse by high energy and transportation costs — will be on centre stage for a while. Opposition Leader Joe Ghiz, who advocates subsidizing electricity rates, says the Liberals will have "a lot of questions" about the closing of Canada Packers and about Island industry in general. "I think what we are seeing with respect to Canada Packers is multiplying itself in other industries," Ghiz says. "The provincial government doesn't have a [industrial] policy, and that's the problem."

In fact, the Tory government unveiled a new industrial strategy last April. To attract new industries, it offers a variety of incentives, including grants of up to \$15,000 each to help pay for expenses (consultants' costs, lawyers' fees and travel bills) of presenting new business proposals to the Department of Industry. The government also offers to help develop and market new products and to provide legal expertise, royalty guarantees and venture capital.

It's a traditional approach to courting new business. And that, says economics professor Palanisamy Nagarajan of the University of P.E.I., is the problem. "I think they [the provincial government] are trying to copy the model of other strategies in industrial regions," he says. "We don't need it."

Nagarajan says he knows of companies that have shopped around for the area offering the best incentives to set up shop and landed in Prince Edward Island with industry totally unsuited to the province. "Some people take advantage of the incentives," he says. "They come with the deliberate idea of closing down in four or five years."

Nagarajan's observations seem to be borne out by accounts of Industrial Enterprises Incorporated (IEI), a provincial Crown corporation set up in 1965 to provide financial assistance to industry

and oversee industrial parks and malls. The 1981 IEI annual report shows more than \$8 million in loans written off in one year. Losses were recorded on companies ranging from a sportswear manufacturer to a die cast metal fabricator.

Ivan MacKenzie, deputy Industry minister and former general manager of IEI, says the corporation's record isn't as bad as it looks. Company failures that "piled up over a period of five years" were settled between 1979 and 1981, he says. And helping new industry grow naturally entails financial risk. "Industrial development is a high-risk game wherever it's done."

Nagarajan says it's time for P.E.I. to get out of the high-risk game and start building on the Island's strengths. Businesses may have to live with high transportation and electricity costs — but the Island also has many potential

cialties Ltd., a \$900,000, fish-smoking plant, employs 12 people and produces items such as smoked salmon, smoked arctic char and smoked rainbow trout. Company president Michael Duda says the availability of fresh fish gives him a distinct edge over his main competition, Montreal processors. The company, which started in 1981, already boasts markets in the United States and Europe. It plans to ship about \$300,000 worth of fish products a month in 1983, and to expand its staff to 21.

Another apparent success story is the development of a few small companies that employ relatively large staffs and rely on current research. One example is Diagnostic Chemicals Ltd., an eight-year-old company in the West Royalty Industrial Mall that manufactures medical specialty chemicals and blood analysis kits. The staff of 20 research, make and ship kits to laboratories in the U.S., Canada, Hong Kong and Taiwan.

Industry Minister Pat Binns says the province is encouraging successful firms



Prof. Nagarajan: It's time P.E.I. started building on its strengths

advantages. The availability of fresh fish and produce make the province ideal for small-scale processing operations using fish, fruits and vegetables, Nagarajan says. Tourism-related industries, such as souvenir manufacturing, would be another ripe area.

Instead of providing speculative and start-up incentives, Nagarajan says, the province should simply provide the ideas and feasibility studies for small business projects. Funds should be made available to manufacturers only on a "per-job-created" basis and for expanding companies.

Some of the bright spots in the Island economy are, in fact, the small, resource-based industries Nagarajan is talking about.

In Charlottetown, Atlantic Fish Spe-

cialties and Diagnostic Chemicals by giving them grants to expand and hire more staff. And regional industrial commissions (made up of local businessmen and municipal and provincial politicians) are getting involved in creating new business. Recently, the Charlottetown Area Industrial Commission prepared feasibility studies for a small, no-additives jam factory and a horse-and-carriage sightseeing operation in Charlottetown.

Nagarajan says those kinds of relatively small, unconventional businesses would help create jobs despite the Island's high transportation and energy costs. "We can solve the problems only by taking an imaginative approach to industry," he says.

—Andrew Mahon



## Please don't drink the water. (It'll give you gas)

*After three years, government and Irving Oil officials can't decide how to clean up gasoline-contaminated wells in a Saint John, N.B., subdivision. Other communities in the region may soon face the same problem*

**T**hree times a week, a pickup truck carrying dozens of plastic jugs of water turns into the entrance of an unpretentious subdivision just beyond the eastern city limits of Saint John, N.B. At house after house, the truck stops, and the driver exchanges full jugs for empty ones handed out from kitchen doors.

The thrice-weekly visits have become a ritual at Ben Lomond Estates since an Irving station leaked gas into the subdivision's water supply more than three years ago. And, because thousands of aging, underground storage tanks are scattered throughout the Atlantic region, at least one environment official believes events at the New Brunswick subdivision may be only a preview of what's in store for other communities.

The Saint John contamination resulted from a faulty fitting installed in 1979 on pipes running from a tank holding premium unleaded gasoline to a gas pump at a newly built convenience store and gas station. "We could never get that one pump to work quite right," recalls Dave Furlong, the store's owner. By the time the fault was discovered, 625 gallons of gas had leaked into the area's sandy soil.

The first contamination showed up early in the summer of 1980. "You'd turn on the tap and you could smell it something awful," recalls Stuart Ellis, a Saint John police officer who was one of the first householders affected. "We used to get a feel in the tub," a neighbor says. "It looked like grease was sitting in the water."

Within months, gasoline was found in four wells at concentrations of up to 23 parts per million, more than 2,000 times the limit (10 parts per billion) set by the World Health Organization. One expert the Ellises consulted told them there was so much gasoline in their water, "it would burn on the floor," Wendy Ellis says.

Soon after residents noticed the contamination, Irving Oil drilled new wells for the Ellises and three other Ben Lomond families. But by the spring of 1982, those too were contaminated.

Then, last autumn, a survey of wells at the 50-lot subdivision revealed gasoline in 19 wells, more than a dozen of them on built-on lots. Letters from the Saint John medical officer

of health warned the families concerned not to drink or cook with their well water.

Shortly before Christmas, the oil company began delivering water to the most severely affected homes. But water in jugs is hardly a desirable alternative to a reliable water supply from the tap. "If I'm cooking vegetables, sometimes I turn on the tap and I don't think about it until afterwards," one resident says. "Then I throw them out."

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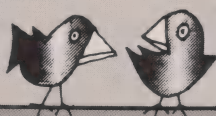
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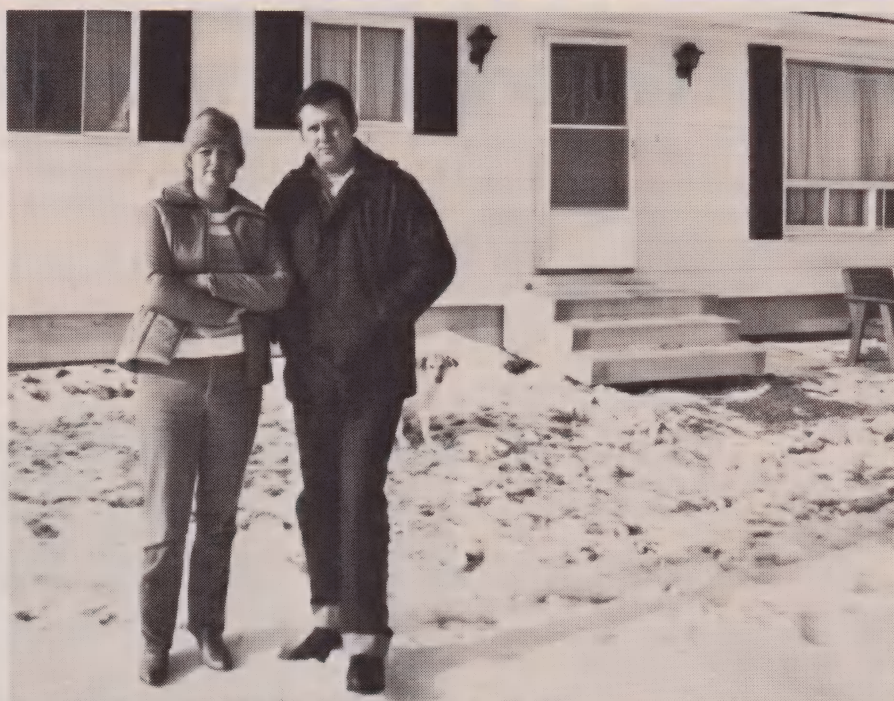


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## NEW BRUNSWICK



Wendy and Stuart Ellis: Water that would "burn on the floor"

"One of your children gets sick," says another, "and you automatically think, 'It's the water.'"

Anxiety over the contamination has soured relations between Dave Furlong and his neighbors, many of whom used to be his customers as well as his friends. "There's 28 houses back there. Only three or four shop here," he says. "It's hurt."

Environmental experts don't agree on what would restore the neighborhood's lost water quality. Irving Oil, citing the reports of consultants from Ontario and Michigan, has offered to install industrial water filters (originally designed to remove gasoline and other impurities from water used at carwashes) in any homes where tests show more than five parts per billion of gasoline, the equivalent of one-twentieth of a teaspoon of gasoline in a large tanker truck of water.

But provincial Environment officials point out that experience in Ontario and elsewhere shows that filters do not work. They may remove the taste or smell of gasoline, says Robert Lutes, but they may not reduce it to safe levels. "We weren't able to get any evidence these filters will render the water potable." In fact, he says, "we got evidence the filters were not effective." But Culligan Industrial Division of Cambridge, Ont., manufacturers of the filters offered by Irving, insist that the evidence referred to by Lutes does not apply to their filter. They recommend that the filters be tested six weeks after installation.

One solution proposed by the province is pumping of the water-table under the subdivision. But that would cost at least \$2 million, and might not work. A

better answer, says Brian Barnes, deputy Environment minister, is a community well drilled nearly half a mile uphill from the site of the leak. The new well, and piping to deliver water to the subdivision, would cost between \$350,000 and \$500,000. That cost, while cheaper than trying to purge the gasoline from the water-table entirely, is still far above the \$1,500 price of a filter unit. So far, Irving Oil has shown no willingness to pay the larger amount.

One reason for the company's attitude may be that it faces a flurry of similar claims elsewhere in New Brunswick. Provincial investigators have found petroleum contamination in 60 wells across the province in places such as Plaster Rock, Caraquet, Hartland and St. Antoine.

"Irving has more [of the] spills because he has the most business," says the Environment Department's Lutes. But several other oil companies have been blamed as well. In fact, Lutes foresees similar contamination becoming a major problem throughout Atlantic Canada, as aging steel service-station tanks corrode, releasing a slow but steady trickle of gasoline into the surrounding water-table.

If he's right, the results of tests still to be done on filters installed just before Christmas at three Ben Lomond homes could become vital information for dozens of other householders from Woodstock, N.B., to Argenteia, Nfld. With the scientific jury still out, Wendy Ellis at least is delighted with the filter placed in her home. "It's wonderful," she says, "just to be able to turn on your tap and use your water."

—Chris Wood



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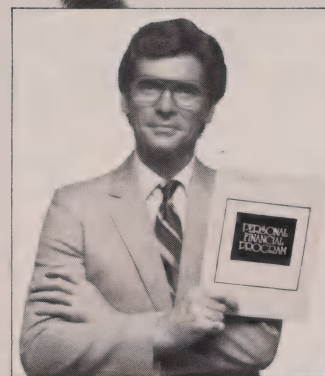
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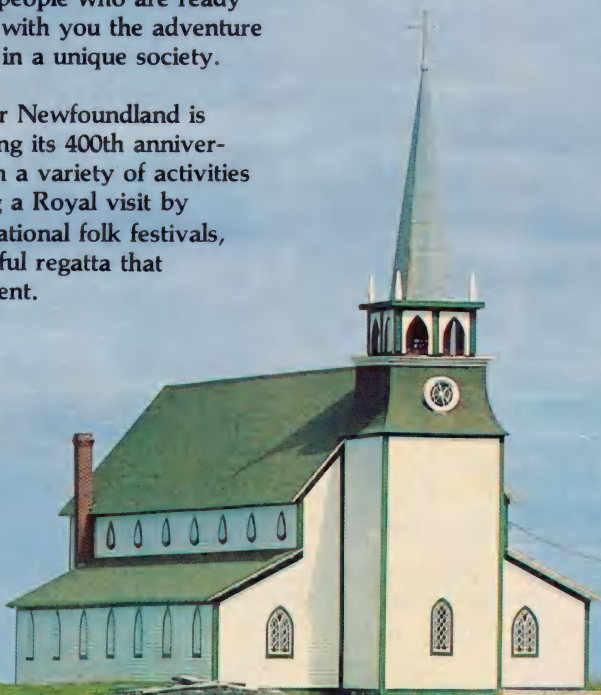
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## Who rules the airwaves?

*Newfoundland is the latest province to claim jurisdiction over its closed-circuit TV services*

Last December, the Newfoundland government passed a law giving itself control over closed-circuit television services, including cable television, computer information and retrieval and video games. That action set the stage for yet another row with Ottawa — this time over who's in charge of the provincial airwaves. "I'm convinced this legislation will end up in the courts," says Newfoundland Communications Minister Norman Doyle, "but we feel it's needed because Newfoundlanders haven't been adequately served by the federal bureaucrats who dictate television programming."

The problem is that the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) claims that it has jurisdiction over closed-circuit services. Newfoundland maintains that the Canadian constitution doesn't specify which level of government controls them. "We're not disputing the CRTC's right to regulate broadcasting in the province," Doyle says, "but when it comes to closed-circuit or non-broadcasting services, we categorically deny that the CRTC has any jurisdiction."

Almost every province has had its differences with the CRTC at one time or another. In fact, Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia have introduced legislation similar to Newfoundland's, and British Columbia has asked the courts to rule on the validity of its new law.

But Newfoundland's grievances against the CRTC have been fed by a dispute between the commission and a small, Corner Brook cable company, Shellbird Cable Ltd., that has been in the courts for almost 18 months.

In June, 1981, the CRTC charged Shellbird with using its licence in an unauthorized manner: Shellbird was providing programming for its customers from the Public Broadcasting Service (PBS) via the American satellite Westar 1. The company's licence said PBS and two other American networks were to be picked up from microwave or line-of-sight transmissions. Shirley Frost, Shellbird's general manager, says Newfoundland cable companies bought only the big two, NBC and ABC, from microwave because it was too expensive to buy all three. Companies that wanted to carry PBS intercepted its signal via satellite, and several continue to do so.

Shellbird, the only cable company charged by the CRTC, argued in court that receiving and distributing the PBS signal from Westar 1 was not broadcasting and was therefore outside the CRTC's

jurisdiction. The trial judge acquitted Shellbird, but the CRTC appealed the decision and won. The appeal court said, in effect, that the policy of the Broadcasting Act is that the CRTC should have broad powers over programming. Although Shellbird technically was not broadcasting, it could not be exempted from CRTC regulations. Recently, the Supreme Court of Canada turned down Shellbird's request for leave to appeal that decision.

Shellbird's defeat is a blow to the Newfoundland government, which had been rooting for the cable company (Doyle has even expressed interest in helping finance Shellbird's legal costs). The outcome of the dispute is expected to weaken Newfoundland's own case against the CRTC.

Frost, who says she never wanted a confrontation with the commission, feels bitter about the whole experience. "It has cost the cable industry a substantial amount of money to fight this case, and basically all we wanted to do in Newfoundland was improve our service," she says.

Cable companies in Newfoundland and elsewhere in Canada have contributed to a fund to help Shellbird. Jerry Thomas, general manager of Central Cablevision Systems in Grand Falls, Nfld., says Shellbird has been the scapegoat in the CRTC's attempt to exert its authority over non-broadcasting services. When the CRTC warned the cable companies against pirating the PBS signal, the companies asked if they could negotiate with PBS to carry its programs by satellite. The CRTC said no. Later, PBS issued its own warning to the cable companies, although it has not prosecuted them for intercepting the signal.

Bob Oxner, the CRTC's representative in the Atlantic region, says the cable companies could afford to buy the PBS signal if they wanted: All they have to do is buy it from microwave as a

group, instead of separately.

That may not be necessary. Last November, Canadian Satellite Communications Inc. (Cancom), a consortium of radio and television broadcasting companies, asked the CRTC for permission to beam the signals of the four American networks to a Canadian satellite. Some Newfoundland cable companies, including Shellbird, are licensed to distribute Cancom. If Cancom's application is approved, they'll be able to distribute PBS programs via the Canadian satellite. (At present, the cable companies can distribute programs from Cancom source stations in British Columbia, Alberta and Ontario, but Frost says the service is useless for her customers because of time zone differences. "If we carried these stations, our customers would be watching soap operas in the evening and prime time



Doyle: Federal bureaucrats haven't served Nfld. well

shows after midnight," she says.)

Frost says she doesn't believe that the court battle has been a waste. "If anything, it has focused attention on the CRTC's policies, which haven't kept pace with technology," she says.

According to Doyle, the CRTC's policies also don't take into account the existence of regional cultures such as Newfoundland's. His province's new legislation, he says, will ensure that decisions about sophisticated communications technology will be made in Newfoundland by Newfoundlanders. If the CRTC has its way, of course, that won't happen. And if the Shellbird case is any indication, the CRTC may well get its way.

— Bonnie Woodworth



# John Godfrey: Toad the terror in a college cap and gown

*He's an eccentric, outrageous showoff. His role model is a flamboyant character in a children's novel. And he runs the most conservative, traditional university in the Atlantic provinces. Some say he has the potential to run the country*

By Rachelle Henderson

*As if in a dream, he found himself, somehow, in the driver's seat... all sense of right and wrong, all fear of obvious consequences, seemed temporarily suspended... he was only conscious that he was Toad once more, Toad at his best and highest, Toad the terror...*

from Kenneth Grahame's  
*The Wind in the Willows*

**T**hey finally stopped him at the corner of Spring Garden Road and South Park Street. There, from the helm of his chartreuse-colored convertible Volkswagen, John Godfrey vainly tried to explain as the policemen wrote out tickets. But they had him. For nearly eight city blocks, Godfrey had played chauffeur to his "electric avocado's" popemobile. His popes, the registrar and clerical-collared librarian of King's College, had ridden atop the canvas folds of the rolled-back roof, graciously waving to imaginary crowds along Coburg and Spring Garden roads. Now, the adoring, illusory masses of St. Peter's Square had disappeared; only passing Haligonians paused to stare at the electric avocado and its respectable-looking occupants stopped at high noon this September day. A visiting New York minister sat mortified beside his host, but John Godfrey only giggled, revelling in the scene. He is 40 years old, the son of a prominent Liberal senator. He holds a PhD from Oxford University. His role model, he says, is Toad, a character from a children's classic. He also happens to be president and vice-chancellor of the staid, traditional University of King's College. But the incongruity suits him. He's the eccentric ambassador for the college he so shamelessly touts in these egalitarian times as "small, exclusive and conservative."

For Godfrey, it was a marvellous way to begin the term.

"He is indeed the best of animals," replied Rat. "So simple, so good-natured, and so affectionate. Perhaps he's not very clever—we can't all be geniuses; and it may be that he is both boastful and conceited. But he has some great qualities, has Toady."

He's no slouch. Grandmother Lily Godfrey would suffer no slackers in her family. The beautiful red-haired daughter of a poor Scottish cobbler, Lily Connon was tough, intelligent and determined to make her mark. A dynasty, in fact. Husband John Milton Godfrey became a Supreme Court judge; son John Morrow, an influential senator; and grandson John Ferguson, who last year won a Vanier Award for outstanding young Canadians, became King's youngest president, at 34. Perhaps not

quite the stuff of a dynasty. But even after her death in 1964, it was Lily Connon's fierce will that inspired Godfrey's resolve to excel and succeed. "The family's not dynastic in the sense that none of my father's children became lawyers though he and my grandfather were," Godfrey says. "And there's no family money. But there is something of the residual Scottish push there. We weren't allowed to peg out. We weren't allowed to be stupid."

Godfrey wasn't. As befits the scion of any successful Toronto family, he skipped from Upper Canada College to Neuchâtel in Switzerland to Trinity in Toronto, where he graduated first in his course with first class honors. Then came Oxford and, for the first time, the fear of failing. While studying for his M. Phil. exams, Godfrey was stricken with a mild case of mononucleosis and a severe crisis of confidence. He was so obsessed with himself and his problem that he became "the biggest bore on campus telling people about it. I learned a lot about myself that I didn't like, which was that I was totally self-centred. I also learned to take a more modest view of what success is."

He passed, though, and so did the self-doubt. But four years later, in 1971, Godfrey did fail. At the last hour, he changed a word in his PhD thesis title. His examiners declared that the text did not fulfil its title, and they refused Godfrey his degree. "I was in despair, but I had learned how to manage myself from my first crisis. I had one bad night, which I spent feeling sorry for myself, then I got on with it."

His thesis on the First World War impact on French industry, bureaucracy and politics was finally accepted in 1975. In the meantime, Godfrey had become an assistant history professor at Dalhousie University, attracting considerable attention with his unorthodox, but very popular, teaching methods. "He became famous very rapidly with his course, which was quite spectacular," recalls Brian Flemming, a Halifax lawyer and fellow Liberal. "It was unique and word spread very quickly around the city that he was different, he was an innovator and he was doing things in the groves of academe that were a little less stuffy."

This liberal attitude did not extend to the governing of King's. When Godfrey became president in 1977, he



PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

The behatted Godfrey at the wheel of the electric avocado



set the college and its 300-odd students on a firm "march backward" to the last century where the classics are stressed, the students roused by a bagpiper ("because that is the way in which the Queen rises"), and the women's residence directed under a particularly archaic set of rules.

Yet this Victorian atmosphere does not stifle the cockiness of a man who has tried crossing Iceland on foot and who once demanded \$460 million from New York's Columbia College because he says that college, unlike King's, has forsaken its Anglican founders and thus lost any claim to Anglican endowments. Godfrey thrives on being thought outrageous. "I like the tension of operating within that very traditional structure," he explains, "although occasionally I'll do something that will make me think about the whole thing all over again."

Something like playing chauffeur to the Pope. For what may be considered proper form for a university president does not always seem to rest foremost in Godfrey's mind. He once very sportingly allowed a band of Dalhousie engineering students to hold him hostage in his office. They demanded, among other things, a helicopter to a nearby chemistry building. Godfrey rewarded their nerve with sherry. "I'm sure the president of Dalhousie would have taken a different view of it," he admits. "But you know, if you're going to enjoy life and have a flamboyant personality, you're asking for trouble. It would be a dull life otherwise."

*"Ho, ho!" he said to himself as he marched along with his chin in the air, "what a clever toad I am! There is surely no animal equal to me for cleverness in the whole world... I am The Toad, the handsome, the popular, the successful Toad!"*

He is a braggart. From a Holbein-style self-portrait hung above his desk to canoe-trip photographs of himself with Pierre Trudeau, displayed on bureaus and shelves, Godfrey's office is a gallery of self-promotion. "If you're going to be nailed as an egomaniac," he says, "you might as well get your money's worth." Making entrances at Lieutenant-Governor's garden parties sporting a top hat or a straw boater from his extensive hat collection is a Godfrey favorite. He arrived at one such affair in full Ascot dress à la Henry Higgins. "I was overcome," says a Lunenburg town councillor who was there. "You sort of wonder."

But Godfrey does not worry about what others might wonder. "There are various reasons why people are show-offs — I am a showoff — and one is that they are insecure and want to overcome it. I'm not. I just enjoy life enormously. I've lots of energy and a low threshold for boredom, and it's a fairly wicked combination. The point is, the world is full of dull, grey people and they form a natural canvas against which one should paint strong, powerful colors. I

want to be one of the strong, powerful colors."

But Godfrey is a strong, powerful, Upper Canadian-born color suspected of ambitions in Nova Scotia, ambitions which, if achieved, would deposit him right back in Upper Canada.

*"Come along in and have some lunch," he said diplomatically, "and we'll talk it over. We needn't decide anything in a hurry. Of course, I don't really care. I only want to give pleasure to you fellows. 'Live for others!' That's my motto in life."*

He's in no hurry, but he is available. With his impeccable connections, good looks, intelligence and success, Godfrey has been described as a potential prime minister. "A lot of people have said it about him and he enjoys it," says Flemming, who was the unsuccessful Halifax riding Liberal candidate in the 1979 federal election. "It's very flattering and something most people don't try



to turn off. And certainly John wouldn't because he's not a shrinking violet." Says Godfrey: "If you can appreciate the difference between being available and being pushy, well, I'm willing to consider anything."

At a Liberal policy convention in Ottawa, Godfrey represented the South Shore riding where he owns a century-old house he calls Godfrey Hall. The only significance in his attending as a South Shore delegate, he says, is that it shows he couldn't get himself elected as a delegate from the competitive Halifax riding where he's more widely known. He admits he wouldn't be a "natural fit" in the South Shore. The riding is zealously Conservative, its people a touch more reserved than he. "Perhaps his, uh, ostentation might just rub them a bit," the Lunenburg councillor ventures. Though the Halifax riding is also occupied, Godfrey is philosophical: "You know, life is full of surprises; things happen. People get hit by bulldozers or drop off tall buildings or there's some kind of emergency byelection. Life in general and politics in particular are full of these unpredictable things and one has to be alert to the possibilities."

But here he protests that he has no political game plan and that he does not

have to achieve any one goal in order to feel successful. More important to him, he says, are people. "I may get restless, but right now I tend to measure success in human terms. That's what ultimately matters. The rest is interesting but just the side salad. I hope that on my tombstone will be written 'He was a good friend.'"

Don MacKay could at least deliver a good eulogy. Godfrey's neighbor in the South Shore community of Upper Kingsburg, MacKay says he admires Godfrey's wit, warmth and tennis skills and is especially thrilled by the "totally stimulating" guests — including former Canadian ambassador to Iran Ken Taylor — invited to spend weekends at Godfrey Hall. For Godfrey never abandons his role as the dashing sophisticate, even before his friends. "Part of friendship is staginess," he says.

Though he has many close political and academic friends, Godfrey has no one confidant. "I don't have one great buddy. If I were a more private person

#### A quiet moment for an un-private person

I might know fewer people and then one person would be really important. But I'm quite independent-minded. If you're not married by the time you're 40, you've developed certain survival skills. Maybe I'm lucky or maybe I'm just kidding myself, but I'm happy."

Godfrey turned 40 last December. "I keep thinking I must grow up. I must stop this, I've got to get serious. But then I say to myself, 'This is fine.'"

*"I am pleased to inform you that Toad has at last seen the error of his ways. He is truly sorry for his misguided conduct in the past and has undertaken to give up motor cars entirely and forever... There's only one thing more to be done," continued the gratified Badger. "Toad, I want you solemnly to repeat, before your friends here, what you fully admitted to me in the smoking room just now. First, you are sorry for all you've done, and you see the folly of it all?"*

There was a long, long pause. Toad looked desperately this way and that, while the other animals waited in grave silence. At last he spoke.

*"No," he said a little sullenly, but stoutly. "I'm not sorry. And it wasn't folly at all! It was simply glorious!"* ☛



# Light and lyricism: The seductive art of Tom Forrestall

*He's better known in Europe than in his native Canada, a trailblazer who's opening cultural doors. Next stop: China*

By Pat Murphy

Every so often — perhaps about once a year — a sleek, black, chauffeured limousine with New Brunswick licence plates pulls up in front of the Forrestall house in Dartmouth, N.S. A distinguished-looking middle-aged man marches into a drawing room that serves as an art gallery, looks around, points to a painting and announces: "I'll take that one." A few days later, a five-figure cheque arrives from Irving Oil.

"Arthur Irving always seems to be in a hurry," Tom Forrestall remarks, tugging at his Lincolnesque beard. "But he knows what he wants." New Brunswick's petroleum czars began collecting Forrestall paintings in the early Sixties, when the artist was working in Fredericton. So did the potato kings, the McCains. By the early Seventies, well-to-do collectors from across Canada were picking up works by the still-young Maritime realist.

Today, Tom Forrestall's gentle, luminous, exquisitely detailed paintings of Maritime fields, animals, rocks and weathered piles of wood are probably better known west of New Brunswick than they are in the Maritimes. And Europeans probably appreciate Forrestall more than Canadians do.

By the mid-Seventies, Tom and his wife, Natalie, were following exhibits of his works not only to Ottawa, Montreal and farther west but to London, Paris, Rome and points east. Today, their luggage bears airline tags with odd letters that translate to names like Bucharest, Belgrade and Cudj — souvenirs of the first touring exhibit ever made by a Canadian artist in eastern bloc countries.

Forrestall is a big, gentle man with a drawl that hints at his rural Nova Scotia roots. He doesn't look like a razzmatazz promoter. But he's always keen to find new international markets, new places to sketch. He has another show scheduled for Milan this summer, and one in Rome later in the year. "We're making plans now to go to Prague later on," he says. "And after this year, we're going to try to get into China."



"Acrobats Warming Up"; egg tempera



Forrestall: Art is the glue that binds his life

PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

Forrestall's break through the Iron Curtain occurred about three years ago. In the early spring of 1980, he and Natalie were in England, following a retrospective exhibition of his work when he received an invitation to take the 38 paintings in the show to an international art fair in Belgrade, Yugoslavia. By that time, Forrestall had become used to critical success abroad.

"But what happened in eastern Europe is something else," Forrestall says, with the half-awed air of a country boy whose calf has just won first prize at the big fair. "When Natalie and I arrived in Belgrade, we discovered that Canada had been given the largest and most central gallery room in the whole museum. [Because Forrestall was the only Canadian artist, he was Canada.] The 32 other countries in the show — England, China, the U.S. and the rest — were floating out and around us sort of like satellites."

Keilor Bentley, director of the Owens Gallery at Mount Allison University in Sackville, N.B., was the advance man for the Yugoslavian show and for subsequent Forrestall exhibitions in Rumania and Hungary. "At Belgrade," he says, "invitations started pouring in from other eastern-bloc countries. As we went



to other capitals, the reception got warmer." In Bucharest, the national gallery of Rumania bought a Forrestall for its permanent collection — a purchase Canada's national gallery has yet to make.

On his trips abroad, Forrestall sketches furiously. But it is at home in Nova Scotia that he paints, restores his being and finds the source of his inspiration as an artist. Born in 1936 in Middleton, N.S., in the heart of the Annapolis Valley — a region whose land and sky later found its way into much of his work — Forrestall studied fine arts at Mount Allison. One of his teachers was Alex Colville, who is regarded as the father of magic realism, and whose students have also included Newfoundland artists Chris and Mary Pratt and Nova Scotia realist Ken Tolmie.

The year he graduated, Forrestall married Natalie LeBlanc of Atholville, N.B., an art education student at Mount A. After a year backpacking in Europe, the couple moved to Fredericton, where Tom worked as assistant curator at the Beaverbrook Art Gallery and did freelance work as a political cartoonist for the *Fredericton Gleaner*. About a year later, in 1961, he became a full-time painter.

Tom and Natalie have remained a team for more than 20 years: He paints and she sells. She also makes the travel arrangements, chauffeurs the family on excursions to their Annapolis Valley vacation home in Clementsport (Tom learned to drive two years ago but rarely gets behind the wheel of his big, new Mercedes-Benz) and runs their huge, rambling, turn-of-the-century house in Dartmouth. Of their six children, who range in age from 10 to 23, four live at home — Francis, Jack, Curphey and Renée; Monica is studying art in New York, and William, a Mount A fine arts graduate, paints in Fredericton.

The Forrestall house is an open, welcoming place; the artist likes taking guests through the house and up to his attic studio, cluttered with oddly shaped frames, easels, half-finished paintings, stacks of working sketches. Forrestall digs out a sheaf of drawings recording trips abroad. "Here's Natalie sleeping in a hotel room in Paris. Here's the washroom in our hotel room in Cudj. Here's our window in London. Here's the Vatican. There's the Pope." Stacked

against a wall are a collection of unframed watercolors. "These are not so good, but over on that table is a pile that's better." Near the door, blocking traffic, are several chairs with broken rungs and legs. "Natalie keeps bringing those old things up here for me to repair," Forrestall observes. He'll probably just sketch them. He's been known to come back from trips to the Valley with sketches of a broken window in the Clementsport house that he'll hire somebody else to fix. Art is the glue that binds his whole life. At the end of a working day, for recreation, he draws cartoons. He doesn't smoke or drink, and he rarely swears. If he gets angry — with an art dealer, for example — he'll release the tension by drawing caricatures (several in his collection depict big, nasty dealers stomping on pathetic, little artists).

Natalie's domain is a well-ordered basement office with filing cabinets, shelves holding stacks of press clippings,

because there was no place to do so at the time," he says. "But if there had been, and he had wanted to study art, and then worked at it, there is no doubt that he would have been a good artist."

To a suggestion that a good painter must be blessed with a special gift, Forrestall concedes that, yes, he sees the world in a different perspective from most people. But that comes from working. "I learn to see, learn while I'm painting. I add something to a work here and then take something away. I go away from one painting to another, then go back to the first. Often this goes on for months. Sometimes I change the shape entirely. All along, I develop new ideas. In fact, I paint ideas, not just objects."

In a recent egg tempera, "Landscape near Peggy's Cove," the problem, Forrestall says, "was to show scale." In one of the many preliminary working sketches, a barking dog stands, dwarfed by a huge rock. In the final version, a sombre, twilight view of the glaciated coast, the



"Landscape near Peggy's Cove": A sombre, twilight view of the glaciated coast

walls bearing plaques and certificates. Tom gives the impression of not quite being able to cope with such practical matters. In his presence, especially at his home, you start thinking that he's been singularly blessed by never having had to grow up in a way demanded of the modern technological age: He's never learned that rocks and trees are commodities; he still chases grasshoppers and caresses the family's pet bantam hen — marvelling at the symmetry of its feathers — with the same sense of wonder as any kid let loose in an Annapolis Valley field.

It's an attitude that sits comfortably with the unpretentious way he sees himself — as a disciplined craftsman. Anyone, he insists, can be a good painter. It simply takes practice, work, discipline. "My father couldn't study art

dog has been taken out. (That dog appears often in Forrestall paintings — running around a tree, chasing a car, sitting on a landing. "He's just an old mongrel," Forrestall explains. "He's a composite of all the dogs I've ever seen.")

There is more to Forrestall's work than his honest-hard-working-craftsman theory can accommodate. Over the years, critics in Canada and abroad have thrown around various two-dollar words in attempting to pin-point the magic of a Forrestall painting: Luminosity. Translucence. Iridescence. Radiance. Forrestall is not simply creating nostalgia, not just celebrating the rural, rustic life. His work has another dimension, a singular quality of seductive light.

People who own his paintings testify to another phenomenon: Ever so slowly, the paintings begin to change. The lux-



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## COVER STORY



uriant, green spruce becomes more lush. The grey, granite rocks on an isolated beach appear more distinct. The sky becomes more luminous; old piles of wood more weathered. It's almost as if the painted objects have taken on a life of their own. This improvement with age comes about mainly because Forrestall paints with egg tempera, a medium used with great effectiveness by some 15th-century masters. Egg yolks, rather than oils, bind the pigments. Instead of canvas, he uses wood covered with gesso, a type of plaster made from a mixture of whiting and rabbit-skin glue. As the medium dries, the painting tends to become brighter.

Painting on wood suits Forrestall's fondness for using frames in various shapes — rhomboids, triangles, circles, figures of eight. Twenty years ago, his use of unorthodox frames was considered eccentric. But art critics, particularly in Europe, began to approve. A London columnist, praising the translucent quality of Forrestall's work and his depiction of human, animal and plant life, observed that the shapes "get right away from the 'postage-stamp' syndrome inherent in an assembly of paintings on similar themes."

"I study and think about the shape of a painting as much as what's going into it," Forrestall says. "There is nothing sacred about the rectangle, and nothing wrong, either. I use it when it fits. What's important is that I don't use a particular shape because of the particular objects in a work." A spherical object, for example, doesn't necessarily require a round frame. Instead, the shapes conform to the *idea* of the painting.

Despite some of his unconventional methods, Forrestall insists he'll never switch to abstract art, even though he dabbled in abstract expressionism in the

early days in Fredericton. "It was something I could execute quickly, like the political cartoons." In those days, he finished everything quickly to make a living, even the serious works, the early depictions of weathered clapboard houses and rusting cars and tractors abandoned in New Brunswick fields — those romantic, realistic paintings that inspired New Brunswick poet Alden Nowlan to call the artist "Amerikay's last mystical plowboy."

**T**he paintings are more complex now, more studied. Many just sit for a time. "Now I follow Dr. Johnson's old dictum," Forrestall says. "Compose quickly; develop slowly." He sketches everywhere; on a plane, in a hotel room in Belgrade, in a London park, at the house in the Annapolis Valley, at the kitchen table in Dartmouth. Some of the sketches become watercolors, which he can finish in less than an hour. He can work on as many as six egg temperas at a time — paintings ranging from a circular-framed study of people and sheep to a triangular portrait of a ball crashing through a window. But any one painting may take months to complete to his satisfaction. Or years.

The finished egg temperas carry price tags of \$5,000 to \$20,000. And they sell quickly. "We didn't have a particularly good year in sales in Canada in '82," Natalie says, "but we did very well in Europe."

Very well, indeed. Last spring, 12 Forrestall egg temperas went on sale at the Galleria 32 in Milan, Italy. Eleven sold. The fact that Franco Cocorocchia, who handles Forrestalls at his Madison Gallery in Toronto, also owns the Milan gallery, clearly helps. But it is not just by chance that Tom and Natalie chose a dealer with both central Canadian and

"Exhibition" celebrates rural life European connections.

"Tom Forrestall is a one-man show," says Robert Manuge of Halifax's Manuge Galleries. "He an artist with an innate sense of marketing. I think that's good for Atlantic Canada."

The Forrestall with the strong business head is Natalie. She runs Twin Oaks Gallery, the family-owned company that allows the Forrestalls to function as dealers. With her help, Tom has become something of a trailblazer.

"What's happened now, with Tom's real acceptance in eastern European countries," Mount Allison's Keilor Bentley says, "is that people in that part of the world feel that our kind of realism is the art of Canada. And that's good for the whole country. Tom's a forerunner. He's opening cultural doors that will help all artists here."

Forrestall believes more Canadian artists should show their work abroad. "It's time," he says. "We're as good as anyone else in the world. International art exhibitions are better cultural exchanges than any tourist packages." In eastern Europe, "people kept saying, 'We're seeing what your country, Canada, looks like.'" The reviews spoke of that, too. "Tom Forrestall," said a Rumanian writer, "brings... a halo of lyricism and warmth to his native land and its people."

For Forrestall, the next frontier is China. He's making inquiries now about the possibilities of travelling there next year to exhibit and sketch. If he does, he'll probably be the first Canadian artist to bring to the Chinese a poetic vision of this country's trees and rocks and water. And when he returns, he'll undoubtedly re-create in his Dartmouth attic the radiant beauty of a Chinese garden.



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## Home is where the hospital is

*Sick people are usually happier at home than in hospital, and they usually get better faster. That's why New Brunswick's new medical care scheme looks like a winner*

**G**arnet Price, 53, has been suffering from lung cancer for about a year and a half, but he's spent less than two months of the past year in hospital. He receives most of his medical care in his mobile home, 11 km from Woodstock, N.B., through a radical, new, health care project that's the first of its kind in Canada. When he returned home from chemotherapy treatment in the hospital, nurses visited him every four hours the first day to give anti-nausea shots. "I've seen them out here at one, two, three in the morning," says his wife, Hannah. In January, when the cancer was in remission, nurse Marjorie McQuaid came twice a week to the Prices' home. The home treatments are a godsend for Price, who hates being in big hospitals. "I'd have been in hospital, I'd say, about 75% of the time if it hadn't been for them," he says of the visiting medical team. "I don't know whatever I'd do without them. I think it's one of the best things the government's ever done."

Home nursing care, using public health nurses and members of the Victorian Order of Nurses, isn't new in this country, but the New Brunswick program — called the Extra-Mural Hospital — is. Modelled on a 20-year-old program in Auckland, New Zealand, it is a genuine hospital, directed by its own board of trustees. In Woodstock, where the New Brunswick program was launched, a co-ordinator, seven nurses and one part-time respiratory technologist work out of a two-storey, clapboard house. From here, they visit more than 100 patients in homes up to

50 km away.

The Woodstock office opened in October, 1981; two offices opened in Moncton in July, 1982, and one in Shediac in January. By January, the hospital had almost 300 patients; the plan is to extend the program eventually throughout the province.

"Generally, people prefer to be at home," says hospital executive-director Dr. Gordon Ferguson. "Hospital is an alien atmosphere to most of us. Generally speaking, people seem to recover more quickly at home."

Not all sick people are eligible. For one thing, the home conditions must be suitable. And prospective patients must be unable to get to a clinic without difficulty, but must not be too ill to be cared for safely at home. About 70% of the patients are age 65 or older, although some have been as young as five days. Some are terminally ill. The hospital will care for a dying patient to the end, stepping up visits as death nears. So far, more than 20 patients have been able to spend their last days at home, surrounded by their families.

Like conventional hospitals, the Extra-Mural Hospital takes complete responsibility for the care of patients from admittance to discharge. Besides providing medical care, it supplies, when necessary, meal deliveries through meals-on-wheels, and sickroom equipment and homemaker services through the Red Cross. As the hospital expands, it will have more readily available a range of rehabilitation services, such as physiotherapy and respiratory therapy.

One advantage the Extra-Mural Hos-

pital has over regular institutions is that visiting nurses are able to devote full attention to the patient — explaining medical procedures, alerting him to possible side-effects of drugs, reassuring, answering questions.

"It's really been wonderful," says Woodstock resident Gerald Sproul, 71, a former patient who recently had his third leg operation in a year. He spent four days in hospital in Fredericton — "I wanted to get home in the worst way" — and then was admitted to the Extra-Mural Hospital. The operation "knocked me for a loop," he says. "For the first time in my life I was discouraged over my health condition." His nurse, who dressed a sore under his cast, gave him good moral support, he says, and didn't hesitate to call in his doctor when Sproul worried that the leg wasn't healing properly.

The Extra-Mural Hospital was started after a New Brunswick government committee recommended that services to the elderly be improved in the province. The Department of Health had also been studying the problem, and Ferguson, then its medical director for insured services, suggested the New Zealand program.

The original plan was to extend services of the hospital throughout the province in five to seven years, with up to 30 local offices administered by a head office in Fredericton under an annual budget of about \$10 million.

Fiscal restraint may affect the growth of the program, but the hospital looks like a good investment. By shortening hospital stays or helping some patients avoid conventional hospitals altogether, the program could save the government money in the long run: Capital costs of a bed in a large regional hospital run up to \$190,000, and maintenance at about \$165 a day. Ferguson hopes that, with a full complement of services, the Extra-Mural Hospital will run at about \$30 a bed a day, or about half the cost of nursing home beds.

—Bill Howard



# Life after foam: The urea formaldehyde fiasco

*Thousands of Atlantic Canadians began pumping the federally approved insulation into their homes five years ago. Today they face sickness, crushing removal costs, plummeting real estate values and inadequate compensation programs*

By Susan Murray

**B**ernetta Hazlewood of Marysvale, N.B., often sleeps in her car. Harold Bailey of Sydney Mines, N.S., moved his family to a church basement and then set up housekeeping in his backyard shed. Ed Hamilton has permanently abandoned his \$60,000 home in East Coldstream, N.B.

These Atlantic Canadians have one thing in common: Their homes make them sick. They're among an estimated 80,000 Canadians who took Ottawa's advice about saving energy and installed government-approved urea formaldehyde foam insulation (UFFI), about two-thirds of them with the help of a government subsidy.

When the dangers of urea formaldehyde became apparent, Ottawa's response to the problem it helped create was to offer compensation of up to \$5,000 to homeowners stuck with the stuff. So far, 190 Atlantic Canadians have received compensation cheques. For most, the money doesn't begin to compensate for the pain: Poor health, worry, insulation-removal bills as high as \$30,000 and drastically lowered real estate values.

"It's unbelievable," says Hamilton, who walked out of his 100-year-old home near Woodstock because of acute sickness in the family. "My wife's throat was so bad she couldn't talk anymore, and my granddaughter ended up in the hospital. It all started with that foam."

He tried unsuccessfully to get a \$15,000 loan from several local mortgage and finance companies to remove the UFFI. Then he refused to make any further house payments and simply moved into rental accommodation. The N.B. Housing Corp. has since foreclosed on the property.

"I've lost everything after owning the place for 17 years," Hamilton says. "It's all the government's fault. They approved the stuff. And there hasn't been a sick day since we left."

Soon after Bailey's insulation was installed, his wife and seven children developed a variety of health problems and he had to go to hospital because he had trouble breathing. On a doctor's advice, the Baileys left home for a week and accepted a minister's invitation to live in a church. "Everyone felt 100% better," Bailey says.

Later, the family moved furniture

and heaters into a backyard shed and started using their home only to wash and cook. Although the Baileys have moved back into the house, they leave the windows open no matter what the weather and use air purifiers and fans.

Bernetta Hazlewood also keeps her doors and windows open, "heating the great outdoors" — an energy loss that UFFI was supposed to prevent. "I lived in my house for 41 years and everything was fine until I got that terrible stuff," she says. "It's so sad to put so much money into your home and have this happen. My face and nose sting something awful. You wouldn't believe all the agony I've suffered."

When she can no longer stand staying in the house, Hazlewood goes for long walks in the fresh air and sleeps in her basement or in her car.

**T**he formaldehyde gas released from the foam insulation causes irritation of the eyes, nose and throat, breathing problems, headaches, nosebleeds and insomnia. Experts still don't know why some homeowners are affected more than others, but it appears to depend on the installation procedures, the quality and composition of the chemicals, the moisture and temperature of the house, and on the sensitivity of the individual resident.

People with allergies often develop more serious symptoms; others risk contracting pneumonia, bronchitis and asthma.

The long-term effects of exposure are not yet known, but scientists have found that the gas can cause cancer in rats and mice. And anxiety over the possible dangers of UFFI is itself an affliction.

"The real health problem is stress," says Peter Barss of West Dublin, N.S. "I spent many sleepless nights wondering what it could be doing to my family. Some of us had nasal congestion and a tightness in the chest, and my son developed asthma. I really didn't know if it was the UFFI, but worry itself became a problem."

It's estimated that the gas affects the wellbeing of only one in 10 people, but all homeowners with UFFI have seen their property values diminish. Some real estate agents estimate homes have gone down by the cost of removal plus 10% to 20% of value. Others say UFFI homes are unsellable.



Stripped interior of Barss home

Diane Andrewes of Atlantic Trust in Halifax says she'd refuse to list any home with urea formaldehyde. "I was dealing with one doctor who was about to buy a \$300,000 home," she says. "But when I went to do the appraisal on the first home, I found it had UFFI. I knew it wouldn't sell, and the deal fell through."

As a small consolation, some homeowners can get a reduction in municipal taxes. The New Brunswick government, for example, has reduced the assessment of UFFI homes by 20%.

Two real estate agents jokingly suggested that Peter Barss burn his house because it was almost worthless on the real estate market. Barss decided the only solution was to remove the foam. He moved his family and furnishings to a borrowed summer cottage and ripped the house apart from the inside. "It cost me about \$7,000 since my wife and I did much of the work. Otherwise, a contractor estimated it would be about \$14,000."

Urea formaldehyde, developed in the Fifties was first used as an insulation material for industrial buildings in Germany. In 1977, the Canadian government approved six UFFI products as part of 140 substances for home insulation available for government assistance.

Once the health risks became apparent, Ottawa banned the use of urea formaldehyde in homes in December, 1980, under the Hazardous Products Act. A year later, the feds announced they were setting up a whole new bureaucracy of 150 public servants to administer a \$110-million program of assistance. Homeowners who registered with the UFFI centre in Ottawa received test kits with filters called dosimeters to



measure the amount of formaldehyde gas in the air. At first, help was available only for homes with more than .1 p.p.m. of the gas, but the program was extended to all UFFI homeowners after citizens' groups argued that no level was safe.

The UFFI centre has recommended that homeowners try to seal out the gas or increase ventilation in the house instead of tearing a house apart.

Two New Brunswick firms are trying to get into the action. Atcan Air Seal Systems in Fredericton is about to market a method of making homes airtight, not only by sealing around windows, doors, etc., but by chemically treating the walls. They also install an air-to-air heat exchanger. "The expense and emotional trauma involved in removing the insulation is totally unnecessary," company president Dave Gamblin says. He estimates that \$5,000 would cover the cost of his system.

Webster Industries of Saint John is offering an even cheaper chemical remedy—tins of a sugar-like substance called Safe-T-Air, which would go in a common household humidifier. Company president Gerry Webster says it works by binding with the formaldehyde fumes and would cost about \$100 a year. But Ottawa has not yet endorsed the product, and he admits he has problems marketing it.

The UFFI centre says most people seeking government compensation want to get rid of the foam completely. Ottawa insists that the foam be removed by a certified contractor or someone who has taken a special, 3½-day course: Improper removal methods could release harmful fungi into the home.

Of the 4,508 Atlantic Canadian households registered at the Ottawa UFFI centre, more than half are from New Brunswick.

Carl Wentzell of Moncton is full-time president of the New Brunswick Group of Homeowners with UFFI, a group supported by a \$40,000 grant from the provincial government. When he discovered the value of his home had dropped by \$20,000, and real estate firms were refusing to list his property, Wentzell put an ad in the *Moncton Times* to find out whether other people were having similar problems. The organization now includes 1,650 homeowners in 17 chapters. They raise money for their legal fund by holding bake sales and raffles. The group is launching action on behalf of UFFI homeowners in New Brunswick to sue the feds and manufacturers of the foam. Wentzell, who paid \$13,000 to redo his house, says the group will never give up until it has full compensation.

Nova Scotia has had a rougher time getting homeowners together. The Urea Formaldehyde Fight Society has recruited only 270 members from the estimated 7,000 UFFI households in the province. President David Youle says he's "bewildered" by the low membership, and feels "people are hiding away." The group wants to launch a legal suit and

is trying to get financial support from the provincial government, thought to be the only province not to offer help to a local UFFI group.

The organization has been plagued by other problems. The previous president, Garnet Wales of Middleton, left for Florida when his doctor advised him not to spend the winter in his UFFI home. Mark Poirier, another former president, stepped down after he called for provincial assistance and his employer, the Nova Scotia Department of Municipal Affairs, said provincial employees should not criticize their government in public. A similar fate hit Paul McNeill, a federal economist. He was forced to quit as president when his superiors at Employment and Immigration threatened to discipline him for criticizing Ottawa's handling of the UFFI question. (McNeill, who spent \$12,500 to remove the foam from his home, was vindicated when a grievance board cleared him of any "unreasonable conduct.")

Dan Williams, a St. John's, Nfld., lawyer, spent \$14,000 to get rid of the foam because he was worried about his four young children. He says he was able to pay the bill, but, as head of the 600-member Urea Formaldehyde Foam

ing of the removal costs, the loss of \$1,500 to put in the UFFI in the first place, re-insulation costs and the mental strain. "I still get depressed when I think of it," he says.

Prince Edward Island seems most sheltered from UFFI problems. Eric Goodwin, the Island's director of Consumer Services, says few Islanders installed the insulation, and none has ever complained to the province. Only 43 Island households are registered with Ottawa's UFFI centre; so far, no one has received any compensation.

UFFI, which has only been banned from residential use, was also used in churches, schools and workplaces. Last year, Newfoundland office workers with Employment and Immigration in Clarenville, Mount Pearl and Harbour Grace walked off their jobs, complaining about the urea formaldehyde insulation. Cape Breton coal mines use the foam to improve ventilation at the coal face. Last year, some miners complained of illness; one of them, James Gardner of Reserve Mines, died of skin cancer. He had sprayed UFFI for two years at Number 26 colliery in Glace Bay. He finally had to leave the pit when his body broke out in lumps and tumors. A preliminary report by Labor Canada says UFFI may

DAVID NICHOLS



Barss: Real estate agents joked that he should burn the house

Homeowners in Newfoundland, he deals with many people who "feel trapped and unable to finance the removal."

"The real problem is people on fixed incomes, the senior citizens," Williams says. "The \$5,000 is just not enough."

Homeowners eyeing the \$5,000 grant have until June 30 to register with the UFFI centre in Ottawa. It's also possible to get money from the Canadian Home Renovation Program which pays up to 30% of renovation costs up to \$3,000 if the household income is under \$30,000. The Canadian Home Insulation Program will also offer \$500 to re-insulate.

That's still not enough for homeowners like Peter Barss. He's still think-

cause skin and respiratory tract irritations among the miners but concludes that Gardner died of a cancer "not likely" connected to UFFI.

A sub-plot of the UFFI story is the emerging evidence that urea formaldehyde never was a good insulator. Ian Startup, a contractor from Beach Meadows, N.S., who's helped remove the foam from several houses, says he's noticed how it has shrunk and crumbled. "There's only about 60% coverage," he says. "The insulation value is no better than a sheet of glass. The formaldehyde continues to deteriorate and simply ends up as a powder at the bottom of the wall." For UFFI homeowners, it's the final irony. ☒



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## A shaky launch for the new Abby

*CN Marine's Borden, P.E.I., to Cape Tormentine, N.B., ferry Abegweit has already run into a series of snarls, malfunctions and misfortunes. The company hopes it'll shape up*

A brief break in the late-winter squall reveals the blunt bows of the ferry *Abegweit*, as it forces aside thick ice jammed in the harbor entrance at Cape Tormentine, N.B. A dozen truckers and twice as many motorists lined up in the snow-swept parking lot feel a cheering lift: They know they'll make it home to the Island before dusk.

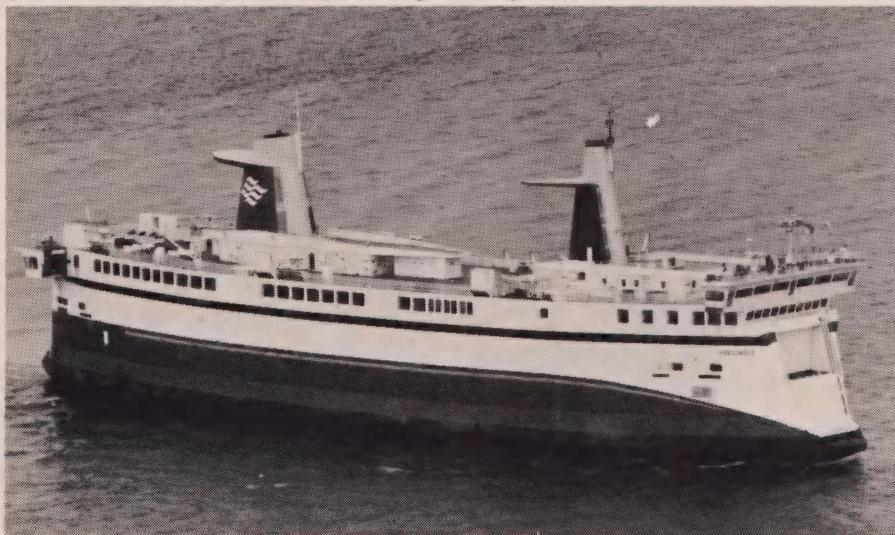
For 35 years, the sturdy Abby's reliability in the worst weather the Northumberland Strait could throw at it assured Prince Edward Islanders of the link to the mainland promised them at Confederation. In return, they regarded the *Abegweit* with an affectionate fondness granted few other ships.

But even the Abby — the most powerful icebreaking car ferry of its age

Borden, P.E.I., forcing passengers to clamber into fishing boats to be shuttled ashore.

To add to the ignominy, the federal auditor-general suggested in his annual report on Ottawa's accounting practices, that CN Marine's method of paying for the \$57-million new *Abegweit* was, at the very least, questionable. He believes that interest accrued from funds advanced to CN Marine belonged to Treasury Board, and should not have been used by the corporation.

Less publicized, but equally unsettling, were other incidents: Damage to the main bow doors of the ferry that left them inoperable; a loss of electrical power; a minor flood of oil onto the ferry's decks.



THE VILLAGE STUDIO

The new Abby on sea trials: Still some things to iron out

— could not last forever. It was launched two years after the end of the Second World War. By the mid-Seventies, its operators, CN Marine, knew it had to be replaced.

Late last year, a new *Abegweit* arrived to assume the mantle of the Queen of the Strait. The old Abby, white paint streaked with rust, was tied up at the Tormentine docks.

The succession, however, proved far from seamless. To begin with, the new *Abegweit* was more than a year late in arriving. Within days of taking up station on Dec. 5, it was idled with a blown engine seal, and the old Abby was pressed into service once more. Then, just a week before Christmas, another malfunction left the glamorous new vessel stranded on a mud bank at

What caused the string of mishaps?

According to Andrew McArthur, president of the Saint John shipyard which built the ship, the original blueprints, drawn by a Montreal company, contained "many errors" that the yard's own design team had to correct. It seemed possible that not all the mistakes had been discovered by the time construction of the vessel started. Russ Lownds of the Maritime Museum of the Atlantic in Halifax has a more dramatic suggestion. He recalls an old mariner's superstition that ill luck will hound any vessel that bears another ship's name. (In fact, CN Marine had quietly renamed the original *Abegweit* the "Abby" before christening the new ship.)

Most of those closest to both ships, however, dismiss the new vessel's prob-

lems as mere teething pains. "Every ship has her own peculiarities," says Captain Donald Graham, a former master of the original *Abegweit*. "It takes the crew some time to familiarize themselves with the operation of the ship."

"When the [first] *Abegweit* came here in 1947," remembers Joe MacDonald, a retired crew member, "we broke a crankshaft in one engine. We burned a generator out in one of the light plants, and it had to be taken out through a hole cut in the deck and shipped away and replaced." The old Abby's engines used to become so badly carboned that extra crews were brought in once a week to chip the accumulation off its exhaust valves.

"We've had our share of misfortune," admits the new ferry's senior master, Captain Roy Coffin. "We still have some things we have to iron out. It's not perfect yet, and it won't be perfect for a while yet. I think it will be this time next year before it's perfect, if you ever get perfection in a ship. But I think it will be a good ship."

Heavy ice and high winds may pose more of a problem for the new *Abegweit* than they did for its namesake, Coffin says, because of the new ship's extra size. But that extra size makes the newer vessel vastly more efficient. The new *Abegweit* can carry 900 passengers and 250 cars, twice as many as the old vessel, and can accommodate 20 tractor-trailers and 20 rail cars on the same voyage. The vessel normally makes the nine-mile trip across the Strait in 25 minutes, a voyage that took the old Abby, and still takes the *John Hamilton Gray* (the second ferry on this run) 45 minutes to complete.

The new *Abegweit*'s modern interior features such thoughtful touches as baby-changing facilities in the washrooms. And there is at least something of the fondly remembered older ship included in the new. Glass doors, a brass binnacle and stateroom silver from the old Abby are displayed in one of the new ship's lounges.

In a few weeks, the original Abby will weigh anchor at Cape Tormentine for the last time. By mid-January, a Chicago yacht club was close to signing a contract to purchase the old ferry. Refurbished and renamed the *Columbia*, the favorite of two generations of Prince Edward Island travellers was to become the club's waterfront headquarters.

The new *Abegweit* may yet prove itself worthy of its name in the demanding Northumberland Strait service. But the old Abby will sail on in many an Island heart for a long time.

— Chris Wood



## Living in the path of seven-ton rocks

*When rain started a rock slide in Harbour Breton, Nfld., last fall, 11 families fled their cliffside homes. Then—to the horror of some government officials—they moved back in*

I've lived with this old cliff all my life and nothing has ever happened," says Walter Hunt, "so I'm just going to have to take my chances." Hunt, 67, was "born, bred and raised" in Harbour Breton, a fishing community of 2,800 on Newfoundland's rugged south coast. His house, one of 11 nestled at the bottom of a 750-foot cliff, is 20 feet away from his father's old home, and, until recently, Hunt hadn't been away from home for very long in 36 years. But last November, torrential rains started a small rock slide, digging a trench 2½ feet down the side of the cliff. Some of the rocks landed less than a foot from the wood-frame houses. Hunt and 63 other villagers were forced to pack their bags in the middle of the night and move out.

Three weeks later, they moved back.



And that shocked John Greer, director of Newfoundland's Emergency Measures Organization, who recommended the evacuation. "Living under that cliff is like having a loaded gun at your head," he says. "Anything could set those boulders off. I'm telling you, I wouldn't let my wife and kids spend one night in any of those houses." Greer says some of the rocks, weighing seven or eight tons, are "as large as a Volks-

wagen. Not even houses would slow them down if they ever came loose and started rolling down that steep slope."

When the slide started, Harbour Breton officials asked Greer to assess the danger. On the advice of two government geologists, he recommended that the 11 families be permanently relocated: All the houses were considered to be in the path of falling rocks. "I don't understand why they returned to the area," Greer says. "It's not safe."

"It didn't seem right leaving all my belongings in an empty house," Hunt explains. "And the other people, well, it was cold where many of them were staying. When we left, we all moved in with our relatives, and there was a lot of overcrowding. Some people had to sleep on floors, and in one house there were 15 or 16 people living in two rooms."

Hunt says the cliff is safe as long as it's frozen. "But come spring," he adds, "it's going to be bad." Like other residents of the danger area, he hopes to have moved to a new home by then.

When the evacuation took place, an emergency committee of townspeople drafted a relocation plan with provincial officials. It was approved after the evacuated residents moved back home. The government offered to provide six trailers, one of them as a temporary dwelling. For those who wanted a house, the government agreed to pay residents the market value of their old home or \$10,000, whichever was greater.

Hunt feels the offer is a good one. "The trailers are worth more than some of the houses, and certain people would only be too glad to get one," he says. Most of the cliffside homes are one-storey buildings with no foundations, no insulation. Only two families have telephones.

Peter Honeygold of the Newfoundland and Labrador Housing Corp. says the relocation, which started in early January, is expected to be completed by April. Real estate is scarce in Harbour

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Breton and finding homes within the residents' price range is difficult.

In the meantime, some people will have to live with constant fear. "Every time it rains, I get the dread on since the area was declared unsafe," says Ethel Pierce, a mother of four. Another mother sends her children to their grandparents' house down the road when it rains.

Still fresh in the memory of many Harbour Bretoners is the 1973 disaster that claimed the lives of four children under 10 years old, all from the same family. A two-day rain weakened the gravel on a cliff on the opposite side of the harbor, creating a 250-foot-wide slide that ripped three homes from their foundations and overturned and crushed a fourth. The houses, situated on a 40-foot wide strip between the base of the cliff and the shoreline, were literally pushed into the harbor.

Although Harbour Breton escaped the torrential rains in January that caused severe flooding in central Newfoundland, Pierce says RCMP still kept a watch on the cliff. She feels bitter about the way the government has treated the residents since the November evacuation. "We moved back because it didn't seem like the government was doing anything," she says.

*Some of the rocks are "as large as a Volkswagen. Not even houses would slow them down if they ever came loose and started rolling down that steep slope"*

Don Stewart, MLA for Fortune-Hermitage, shrugs off the criticism. The night the residents moved out, he says, they were offered accommodations in a church basement and at the Lion's Club Centre, but none accepted the offer. There also were no takers for the two, four-bedroom houses that were offered rent-free as long as the tenants paid for heat and lights.

Town officials suspect that the evacuees simply couldn't afford to pay for these utilities. The town's main employer, Fishery Products Ltd., shut down its processing plant last August, and most people live on unemployment insurance benefits.

"Even if they do give us the market

value of our houses, it probably won't be enough to buy another house," Pierce says. The government has offered to make its Rural and Native Mortgage Lending program available, but Pierce says unemployed people can't afford a mortgage, even at a cheaper rate.

The time it's taking to help the cliff-side families stems partly from Harbour Breton's remoteness and lack of services. Stewart says it took several weeks to find the trailers: There were none available in Newfoundland, and they had to be shipped in from New Brunswick. When they finally arrived in mid-January, it took several weeks to arrange sewer and water hookups.

And, because the falling rocks didn't

cause any injuries or damage any houses, it's hard to treat the situation as an emergency, Honeygold says. "There are thousands of people in Newfoundland who live next to cliffs. And if we assessed every mountain in the province a lot of them might be in the same shape as Harbour Breton. Then what would we do, relocate everybody?"

Development Minister Neil Windsor, who has the final say on solving the Harbour Breton problem, says it's "debatable" how dangerous the cliff is. "And remember," he adds, "no one was forced to leave their homes and no one was forced to move back. The residents did it voluntarily."

—Bonnie Woodworth

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# For Cecil Beesley, the Saint John riverboats live on

*Their era ended in the late 1940s, but his passion is preserving their history*

**W**hen Cecil Beesley was a boy living at Beesleys Point on New Brunswick's lower Saint John River, he'd occasionally row out to pick up freight and passengers from the riverboat *Majestic* when it stopped offshore. It is to Beesley's eternal regret that he "just got in on the last of the riverboat era," so he remembers the *Majestic* with particular fondness. With its steel hull and reinforced bow, it was on the river early each year and "was like the first robin in the spring." The *Majestic*, he says, was "my first love."

It's hard to keep Beesley on the subject of any single aspect of the riverboats for very long. He fairly bursts with information and simply can't resist popping up from his seat to retrieve an old photograph here, a decaying brochure there, a map and a bit of an old letter somewhere else. A small room in the basement of his home on the outskirts of Fredericton contains a large collection of memorabilia, drawn from an era on the Saint John that has all but faded into the forgotten past—the era of the passenger-carrying riverboats.

It began in 1816 and, except for a tourist boat briefly revived in 1951, ended in 1946. While it lasted, some 73 different riverboats, first steam-driven stern- and side-wheelers, later motorized propeller types, plied the Saint John. In addition to passengers, freight and mail, they carried romance and intrigue and adventure. But, without a Mark Twain, most of the river's stories went unrecorded.

Some of the riverboat lore, however,

lives in the heart and mind (and basement) of Cecil Beesley who, when he isn't driving some of the "thousands and thousands of miles" he has travelled in pursuit of material, manages a movie theatre at nearby CFB Gagetown. "I've got piles of stuff," he says. There are 1,500 photographs of "anything related to the river," including the boats and their captains; a loose-leaf binder, "my encyclopedia," containing vital information about each of the boats; scrapbooks and maps and brochures. Rummaging in a wooden box, Beesley pulls out a series of Christmas cards Saint John accountant George I. Higgins sent out over the years, each decorated with a photograph of a different riverboat. Then, pointing to a brass object near one wall, Beesley administers his collector's *coup de grâce*: "That was the whistle that blew for 39 years on the *Majestic*. I've got a piece of her rudder, too."

**H**ow can a man be bitten so thoroughly by a waterbug? It helps that both of his grandfathers ran boat stops on opposite sides of the lower Saint John River. It helps, too, that Beesley can remember lying in bed as a boy, listening to the sound of tugboat crews wafting up to his room from the river. And then, as "the last surviving Beesley of Beesleys Point," he perhaps feels obliged to preserve part of his family heritage. It all adds up to 30 years of collecting. And the material still flows in, some of it the result of a series of riverboat photos from Beesley's collection, run recently by the weekly Oromocto *Post*.



Beesley "fairly bursts" with information on the riverboats

"Every now and again, I go out to the mailbox and hear from people I've never heard tell of."

Beesley says his favorite riverboat might well have been the 200-foot-long *SS Victoria*, a fast-moving side paddle-wheeler whose large dining salon of gilt and mirrors made her a floating palace on the Saint John. The *Victoria*, which went into service in 1897, burned in winter storage in February, 1916.

But there were other notable vessels: The *May Queen*, whose 48 years of running up the Saint John to Washademoak and Grand Lakes between 1869 and 1917 gave her "the longest career of any boat on the river"; the 176.6-foot *David Weston* ("she was big and she was palatial"); and the *MV D. J. Purdy*, 143.7 feet long, powered by two diesel engines taken from an American submarine, sleeping accommodation for 20—and the last of the Saint John's regular riverboats.

Running through this list brings Beesley to a story involving the *Purdy* and his old favorite, the *Majestic*. In the Twenties, just two days before Christmas, the wooden-hulled *Purdy* found herself locked in ice at Fredericton. The call went out for the *Majestic*. "She had run that morning from Cambridge to Saint John through skim ice," Beesley says. "They threw on some provisions and recoaled her and started back up the river. They wanted to get the *Purdy* out before the ice got too thick. They stopped in Gagetown that night, then got to Fredericton the next day. They unloaded the *Purdy* where she was stuck—it took three trips to get her freight to the wharf. Then they got her out of the ice and started back down the river, the *Purdy* following the *Majestic*. And along the way they picked up 1,000 turkeys and got them to Saint John in time for Christmas. The *Majestic* was quite a boat."

—David Folster



The riverboat *Majestic* was Beesley's "first love"



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## The sealers strike back

*Newfoundland's inshore sealers, threatened by fallout from international protests over the offshore, seal-pup hunt, are trying to save the industry. It may be too late*

By Amy Zierler

**T**he ice that chokes Newfoundland's northern bays this time of year is a mixed blessing. It delays the start of the summer's fishing, often until June, or even July. But it also brings the seals. Nine years ago, when he was 30, Ches Coish gave up his job as vice-principal of the high school at Virgin Arm, Notre Dame Bay, to fish for a living. He and the four-man crew of his 52-foot longliner, worth \$500,000 new, depend on sealing for a third of their income, more in years when the fisheries don't come through. Coish says sealing is "hard and dirty work," and 16- or 18-hour days are not unusual. But, until now, he could count on a decent day's pay for a hard day's work.

"It goes deeper than the money," Coish says. "The seal fishery brings life

hunt is cruel and unnecessary. This winter, as the anti-sealing movement climaxed in a frenzy of voting on political resolutions in western Europe, the bottom fell out of the market for all sealskins.

Coish is a landsman, or inshore sealer, who uses a rifle to shoot juvenile and adult harp seals as they drift southward on the melting ice after the breeding season, as well as other species of seals that turn up in the area. Some of the seals were whitecoats (pups) just weeks before. Now they're called beaters, and they've grown quickly and exchanged their creamy long fur for a short-haired coat of silvery ground splotched with grey, brown and black. There's no season on seals, but most sealing goes on in March and April. Older seals (adolescent "bedlamers" and adults) are also taken in late January and February, before the breeding season. "If we get 300 winter seals, as we call them, that's usually enough to cover our expenses," Coish says. "The beaters then, that's clear profit." Last year, he and his crew took about 400 seals.

It's the pup seal hunt with all its drama (club-wielding men on blood-stained ice skinning fluffy, white newborns with big, black eyes) that groups such as Greenpeace and the International Fund for Animal Welfare have used to build up opposition to the commercial killing of seals, but it's only part of the picture. From one-third to half of the annual cull of seals are beaters, bedlamers and adult seals. (The annual quota, divided among geographic regions, governs the actual split.) The number of landsmen who hunt commercially is well over 10 times the number of offshore sealers.

By late January, five or six Canadian ships carrying in total about 200 sealers were planning to go to the ice, if they could be sure someone would buy their pelts. At the same time, more than 3,000 landsmen—about 160 longliner operators like Coish, their crews and several thousand other independent small-boat fishermen—were wondering if they would be able to make their trips pay.

It's the import of pup seal pelts that the European resolutions would block, but what people have stopped buying are coats and boots made from the more recognizable, mottled-grey-and-silver pelts of older seals.

With the possibility of an embargo added to already declining demand, fur-

riers and importers scratched sealskins from their inventories. Carino Company, which dominates the industry in Canada (last year Carino bought 125,000 of the 180,000 pelts produced here), is stuck with a two-year stockpile, whitecoats and older pelts combined. This winter, the company announced that it would not be buying any whitecoat pelts. It was not sure how many older pelts it would buy, but landsmen were warned not to expect more than half last year's prices for them.

For sealers in Newfoundland, the north shore of Quebec, the Magdalen Islands and the eastern Arctic, the development is maddening. Protest groups consider it a bonus. "As far as I can see," the North American president of Greenpeace, Patrick Moore, says from Vancouver, "the end of the landsmen's hunt will be due to individual consumer decisions and will not even require an official ban."

"I'm seeing something now I'm scared of," Coish says, bringing the matter back from the political corridors of Europe to the wharf at Hillgrade, his home. "The frustration—it's going to spread into the community. They're fed up with Greenpeace, but they can't take it out on Greenpeace. Sooner or later, they'll take it out on each other."

About 200 sealers, most of them independent fishermen like Coish (although he himself was stormbound on Fogo Island) took their frustrations to a Baie Verte high school gym late last November, just as the European Council of Ministers was preparing to vote on a seal-ban resolution. (That one failed to pass, but another vote is due March 1.) Three of Newfoundland's leading politicians—Premier Brian Peckford, Fisheries Minister Jim Morgan and federal cabinet minister Bill Rompkey—cancelled their appearances at this first-ever gathering of landsmen to fly to Europe for some last-minute lobbying against the ban. Back home, the sealers formed the Canadian Sealers Association, with its first task to save the seal hunt for this year.

"After the committee was formed [to work out the legalities of setting up the association], the ladies in Baie Verte gave us a supper," Tom Roberts, a fisherman from Little Bay Islands, reports. "We were talking about how we didn't have any money for the association, how would we get some money? Somebody got the idea to pass around a couple of ice cream containers and, you know, we collected over \$400."

From those inauspicious beginnings, the Canadian Sealers Association and its executive-director, Kirk Smith, mounted an ambitious public and behind-the-scenes campaign, most of it crammed into the few short weeks that remained be-



GORDON KING

Markets are poor, even for adult pelts

back into the community in the spring, which is a dead time on this coast. It's a good thing to see people back at work, at their boats, on the wharf. They're happy." His voice is angry, emphatic. "I get madder and madder by the hour, thinking of what they're trying to do."

"They" are the anti-sealing advocates, the protest groups from Vancouver to Bonn who have nearly succeeded in making the annual spring seal hunt unprofitable, if not illegal. For the past several years, they've been lobbying the 10-country European Economic Community, which buys three-quarters of Canada's sealskins, to ban the import of the pelts of seal pups on grounds that the



fore the ice would bring the seals in again. Toronto-raised Smith is not himself a sealer, but he got to know some sealers, including Coish, while making an educational film on pelt-handling for the federal Department of Fisheries. It was through his job with the media unit of Memorial University of Newfoundland's Extension Service that Smith made the film and later helped organize the Baie Verte conference. He began a near-frantic tear around the country, meeting with politicians, bureaucrats and other fishermen-sealers to build support for the new group. He also plunged into a media push that would make a public relations professional drool.

"Everything else has been tried and failed, and the thing which has been missing is the fishermen's voice," Smith says. "These guys have a lot to say, they say it well, and they're the only ones who can say it." Happy for a new angle to the annual seal hunt story, television and radio shows across Canada jumped at the chance to air some fresh voices on an overdone subject. Coish went to Toronto to tape a debate with Patrick Moore for CITY-TV's *The Shulman File*. *Canada AM* has had the Notre Dame Bay fisherman on twice. Other landmen have done long interviews with open-line radio shows in Toronto. "The Canadian Sealers Association will be effective if it gets other people to do their jobs," Smith says.

"It's about time the government started listening to somebody in this thing," Greenpeace's Moore says. "It's about time they started recognizing that there are people who are being dislocated by the winding up of this industry."

Not quite what the sealers had in mind. They're looking for government support to save the industry, not to help them weather its demise. Knowing there is little chance groundfish catches could make up for sealers' losses, the government seems disposed to help. Smith whipped off to Ottawa right after the Baie Verte conference and persuaded the federal and Newfoundland governments to set up the Task Force on Sealing and Seal Product Marketing Development. Smith is the only non-government member of the task force, and is pressing for some form of government intervention to keep prices and sales of seal pelts up around last year's levels. One idea was to have some government agency buy up what pelts the Europeans won't take and sell them later to new markets.

Finding those new markets won't be easy. Canadian manufacturers buy only about one-quarter of the seal pelts produced in this country, and those are mainly the catches of Inuit hunters in the eastern Arctic. Nearly all the pelts from the Atlantic hunt go to Europe, passing through Carino's Norwegian parent company.

Carino, meanwhile, has branched into non-sealing business: The company's four ships used to go to the offshore

hunt, but now they're concentrating on scientific work, mainly for offshore oil and gas exploration. Carino tried to break into markets in the Far East (the one place, outside of Canada, that has been mentioned as a potential new market for Canada's seal pelts), but without success. The international directorate of the federal Department of Fisheries has been investigating Far East markets for the past year, but no one is talking about breakthroughs yet.

"Most people I've talked to feel that of all the short-term possibilities, those that we can develop in a couple of years with some money poured into it, the Canadian market is best," Smith says.

"They haven't got a hope," Patrick Moore counters. "The Canadian government has behaved like a cornered rat from day one on this. This plan is obviously designed to pacify the sealers. Instead of coming up with a reasonable plan to deal with their dislocation, they're treating them like babies."

With only Canadian markets to support it, the chances of keeping the seal fishery alive at its present level appear slim. American tourists can't take home a pair of Canadian-made sealskin boots because the U.S. banned the import of all marine mammal products several years ago. Border customs officers have confiscated even single tins of seal meat.



Inshore sealing vessels: Landmen outnumber offshore sealers 10 to one.

Although considerably weaker than it was a few years ago, public opposition to the seal hunt within Canada won't help any new marketing efforts. ("Maybe they could disguise it, give it a new name like 'ice beaver,'" Moore scoffs.) The recession is another problem: "The timing is wrong," says Denyse Angé of the Fur Council of Canada. "It would be difficult to build up a sealskin fashion industry in Canada now because of the economic situation. Nobody dares attempt anything new right now." Even Smith, tempering his infectious enthusiasm, says establishing a new base for the seal fishery will take time. "What's more likely to happen is we'll be able to develop a small-scale industry and work up."

Threatened by the fallout from a

controversy that has virtually ignored them, inshore sealers are trying to build a common front. Their efforts could be a turning point for the Canadian sealing industry, or its stubborn last gasp. But the great seal-hunt controversy shows few signs of disintegrating just because sealing itself maybe facing collapse. The debate continues to develop new wrinkles.

Some people are starting to ask whether it wouldn't be a good idea to abandon the whitecoat hunt, if that would allow the inshore fishermen to continue sealing. No, others say, all sealers have to stick together. "Anybody who believes sealing will continue if the whitecoat hunt is discontinued is living in a dreamworld," says Captain Morrissey Johnson, a 20-year veteran of the offshore hunt. "If I thought that were true, I wouldn't be making any effort to continue, but I don't believe the protest groups will give up their efforts just because the seal is a little older."

As for Greenpeace, Moore says the landmen's hunt carries objections all its own: The shooting of seals leaves a certain number wounded but uncaptured, he says, raising the spectre of renewed cruelty arguments. And what if sealing were scaled down, perhaps an inevitable result of the loss of markets? "Well, that would be nice," Moore says. "As long as

they don't kill any more babies and do it in an extremely limited sense, they may actually arrive at a situation where they are no longer such a direct target. The very bottom line of our position is that there must be a sanctuary for the breeding period. If what developed was a cottage industry designed to provide resources for the communities taking the seals—a more back-to-basics situation—I think you'd probably see the bulk of the opposition disappearing."

Smith, for one, remains skeptical. "The whitecoat hunt has been such a fabulous moneymaker for the protest groups, it's such a valuable symbol for them now, I predict we'll see that picture of a black-eyed seal pup turning up on ads and posters for years, no matter how things turn out here."

IAN BLACKMORE





## Splendid spuds

By Pat Lotz

**F**or the Irish, the potato has been both friend and foe. Although not native to Ireland — Sir Walter Raleigh brought some back from his 1584 expedition to the New World and planted them at his County Cork estate — by the 18th century, potatoes formed the bulk of the Irish diet. People were so dependent on the potato for food, that a potato blight in the middle of the next century brought widespread death from starvation and disease. It was the time of the Great Hunger, and also the time

of great migrations to North America. To honor the descendants of those who settled in the Atlantic region we offer a variety of recipes for what is still the favorite food of the Irish.

### Potato Boats

6 medium potatoes, peeled  
1½ cups chopped mushrooms  
1 cup thinly sliced green pepper  
½ cup thinly sliced red pepper  
2 tbsp. chopped green onions  
½ cup bread crumbs  
salt, pepper to taste  
¼ cup butter

Boil potatoes in salted water for 5 minutes. Drain. Scoop out a hollow in the top of each potato and a sliver from the bottoms so they will stand in pan without wobbling. In hot butter, sauté mushrooms, pepper and green onions.

Season to taste and stir in the bread crumbs just before removing pan from heat. Brush potato boats with oil, fill with prepared mixture and bake in 400° F. oven for 25-30 minutes.

### Duchess Potato Cups

3 cups hot mashed potatoes  
¾ cup grated Swiss cheese  
1 egg  
1 egg yolk  
2 tbsp. butter

Put mashed potatoes into a bowl and stir in grated cheese. Add eggs and butter, and stir vigorously with a wooden spoon. Take some of the mixture and make 6 balls, an inch or two in diameter, then flatten them between your palms into discs. Place them, well spaced, onto a greased baking sheet. Put the rest of the mixture into a pastry bag with a

DAVID NICHOLS





large star-nozzle and pipe three circles of potato around the edge of each disc. Bake for 10 minutes in a 350° F. oven. Serve with vegetable of your choice.

#### Potato Gnocchi

4 medium potatoes, cooked and peeled  
1 large egg  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup flour  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. nutmeg  
salt, pepper to taste

Mash the potatoes and mix in the flour. Add egg and seasoning and beat vigorously (you can use an electric beater for this). Use your hands to form small balls, pop them into boiling salted water and simmer for about 10 minutes. Makes approximately 18 gnocchi.

#### Potato Cakes

1 cup cooked, mashed potato  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups all-purpose flour

$\frac{1}{3}$  cup milk

Mix together mashed potato and flour. Beat egg yolk in milk. Make a well in the centre of the flour/potato mix and add liquid. Stir quickly and lightly into a soft dough. Turn onto a floured board and roll out thinly. Cut in 5-inch rounds. On a hot griddle or in heavy, lightly greased frypan, cook for 3 minutes on each side. Makes approx 8-10 cakes.

#### Rösti


2 cups grated, cold cooked potatoes  
2 medium apples  
salt, pepper to taste  
3 tbsp. butter

Peel, core and grate the apples into a bowl containing the grated potato. Add salt, pepper and mix lightly. Melt butter in frypan with sloping sides. When butter sizzles, turn potato/apple mixture into

pan, pressing down firmly into a cake. Cook at moderate heat for 8-10 minutes, then turn with two spatulas and cook for another 3 minutes. Turn onto serving dish and cut into wedges. Makes 6 servings.

#### Scalloped potatoes for One

1 medium potato  
 $\frac{1}{3}$  cup milk  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  clove garlic, minced  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. salt  
 $\frac{1}{8}$  tsp. pepper  
1 tsp. butter  
2 heaped tbsp. grated Cheddar cheese

Peel and slice potato and put into a small saucepan with the milk, garlic, salt and pepper. Bring just to boiling. Butter an individual baking dish, add the potato mixture and sprinkle with cheese. Bake in a preheated 350° F. oven for about 40 minutes. Makes 1 serving. 



TRAVEL

# The isles of Greece

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# Combine them with a vacation kickoff in Athens for a sampling of the most exquisite pleasures a world traveller can experience

By Sheila Martin

It's no accident that the flag of Greece is blue and white. They're the colors that you carry, in memory, long after your visit to the country is over. The dazzling, sparkling, spanking-clean white of the monuments, the statues, the tiny villages perched precariously on hilltops. And the ever-changing blue depths of the sea, dotted with islands, nestling against a blue sky that seems constantly fair.

The sun that seems always to shine on Greece is hot, but not uncomfortably hot. It's an upbeat, good-weather-for-sightseeing-and-swimming hot, a spreading warmth that slows your North American metabolism down just enough to make taking in the scenery or pausing for a cool drink at one of the sidewalk cafés the most exquisite of pleasures.

On our first afternoon in Athens, after we'd settled into our hotel, we couldn't wait to start our exploration of the city. We'd heard that "Constitution Square" was the place to be and smugly commanded our taxi driver to take us there. (On the second day we asked for Syntagma Square. By then, we'd learned that nobody but tourists uses any other name for it.) The drive was faster than I would have liked but the driver had the skill and cunning of a broken field runner. I've ridden in taxis in New York, Montreal, Rome, Paris and London, every one a feat of courage. But Athens was the greatest thrill of all.

The Square is a lively place, full of public buildings, stately old hotels like the Grande Bretagne and bordered with wide sidewalks. Evzones, the presidential guards, stand duty in front of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, dressed in their distinctive uniform: Short, pleated skirt (almost a tutu), full-sleeved shirt and embroidered vest, leggings, shoes with tassels and red caps, also tasselled. The uniform was originally designed for the rough terrain encountered by Greek mountain fighters.

It's fun trying to decipher the street and shop signs. To a newcomer, the city looks as if a giant convention of fraternities and sororities had descended on it.

One of the treasures just off the Square is Zonar's Pastry Shop. We went inside to inspect the goodies, then settled at a tiny table outside, on the sidewalk, where a waiter served us pastries and tea, English-style.

Athens contains such a wealth of cultural treasures that it's almost impossible to tell where to begin. Beautiful parks, the Royal Palace, the Stadium (modelled after the original which once

stood on the same site), Byzantine churches, museums of all sorts vie for your attention and your hoarded, limited allotment of time.

If you can visit only one museum, your choice should probably be the National Archeological Museum, crammed full of precious artifacts of all periods in Greek art and civilization.

You should also know that in Athens, in the heat of the summer, most stores, museums and businesses close for a siesta between 1 and 5 p.m. We found it a great time for window shopping. On our first afternoon we pressed our noses against some wonderful jewelry store windows and I reminded my husband that he'd rashly promised me a gold chain. Gold is a good buy in Greece and the stylish, old-world craftsmanship of the designs is a delight. I also found a lovely leather handbag and some pottery.

perb. No wonder the Greeks chose to place their temple to Athena here in 448 BC. Equally lovely by daylight or moonlight, it offers the extra spectacle of sound and light shows on certain evenings.

Of all of Athens, we liked the Plaka best. It's the oldest part of the city and in 1834 it comprised almost all of Athens. Snuggling against the bottom of the Acropolis, it stretches for blocks, up and down narrow, winding streets and alleys. Wander through it during afternoon siesta time, when there are fewer people about, and explore its many churches. One tiny, dark candle-lit building we entered contained an unbelievable wealth of ancient icons and hanging lamps.

It was in the Plaka that Lord Byron lived and wrote his poem "Maid of Athens." But if the churches are small oases of peace, the world outside is definitely amusement- and entertainment-filled.

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The Parthenon: Athens has so many cultural treasures, you don't know where to start

My husband's only purchase was a set of blue worry beads, bought at a kiosk. Greek men actually use their worry beads. At various times and places, especially in restaurants, we saw them running the beads through their fingers, often unconsciously. At the price, they're probably a better buy than tranquilizers or a psychiatrist.

Of course we went to the Acropolis, along with hundreds of tourists from all over the world, drawn there by the power and beauty of the site and by the Parthenon, that universally appealing remnant of ancient Greece. Acropolis means the highest point of the city, as the area was in each town or city of the ancient Greek world. Here the citizens fled for refuge from invaders. The view of Athens from this large, centrally located area, studded with chunks of white marble like ice floes, and 90 m above the city, is su-

The co-operative climate of Greece makes it possible to enjoy almost everything outdoors: Shops, movies, restaurants, bars.

We returned to the Plaka later that night for dinner. We'd been told that Greeks don't even begin to think of eating the meal before 10 or 11 p.m. but long before then our tourist tummies were empty and complaining. The Plaka was full of people; the restaurants ablaze with lights and resonant with the sounds of bouzouki music. My husband began with the famous *ouzo*, a clear liquid which turns milky white when water or ice cubes are added. I had a local beer named Alpha. (The other big local favorite is called Fix.) The appetizer, *dolmadakia*, was tiny meatballs made with rice and spices and wrapped in grape leaves, served with feta cheese and black olives. Our main course, *mous-*

Mykonos, left: It isn't called the "white island" for nothing



## TRAVEL

*saka*, is probably the most popular dish in Greece: A hearty, tasty combination of ground lamb, eggplant and cheese. Of course dessert was *baklava*, that heavenly, gooey, honey-oozing sweet, followed by thick, strong Turkish coffee.

The Plaka is also home to the Athens flea market, held in Monastiraki Square every Sunday. It's thronged with eager buyers but, as with flea markets everywhere, you must know your merchandise in order to come up with a bargain or a genuine antique. Anyway, it's a lot of fun.

We hated to leave Athens, knowing we could have spent much more time (and drachmas) there, but we were booked for a cruise around the Greek islands, one of the most romantic adventures in the world. Hundreds of them doze in the warm sun in the Aegean Sea, each subtly different from the others. We stopped at four.

The cruise ship left from the busy port of Piraeus, setting of the movie *Never on Sunday*. We put into our first stop, the island of Mykonos, in early evening while there was still some light. Mykonos is called the "white island" for good reason: All its buildings and houses are white-washed as are the narrow, cobblestone streets and winding alleys. The alleys were deliberately designed in a twisting style to baffle pirates.

Mykonos also has many stone windmills and 360 tiny chapels, one for each family on the island. As it grew dark, the candles in the houses and shops and the lights everywhere made the little village a fairyland. Some of our color slides, taken in that enchanting light are as luminous as oil paintings.

In the tiny shops along the narrow main street of the village, I bought two lovely embroidered blouses. But my best purchase was a gold bracelet made from nylon fishing line, metalized, then woven into an intricate, delicate pattern. There were also rings, pendants and earrings in gold and silver, made in the same way.

A friend who had visited Greece had told me to look for this fascinating craft on Mykonos and I was the only one of our group to do so. I was already gaining a reputation among the women for being the fastest purse in the east. No matter how short a stop we had somewhere, I always managed to buy attrac-

tive, interesting souvenirs.

Rhodes, 400 km away from Athens, turned out to be our favorite Greek island. When the Crusaders were driven out of the Holy Land in 1310, they went to Rhodes to build a stronghold there. And where the Knights Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem built, they planned on staying a long, long time. In fact, they stayed on Rhodes from 1310 until 1522 when the Turks took over. The charm of Rhodes is that of a medieval walled city, complete with the palace of the Grand Master and the cobblestoned Street of the Knights. Outside the gate of the walled city, a moat, which once performed its job of keeping out enemies, now is filled with trees, grass and lovely flowers. Rhodes blazes with flowers: Bougainvillea, hibiscus and oleander.

your attention with the island's many mountains. Mount Ida, some 2,300 m high, is said to be the birthplace of Zeus. True or not, we did find out that Crete is definitely the birthplace of El Greco.

Crete was the seat of the Minoan civilization, the oldest in Europe, lasting from 3000 to 1100 BC. Led by a guide named Evangelos, we visited the restoration of the Minoan palace at Cnossos, destroyed 4,000 years ago, and learned about the legend of the Labyrinth, the home of the Minotaur, a creature with the body of a man and the head of a bull. The palace's plumbing system, a marvel of ancient ingenuity, still works.

The museum in Iraklion (also known as Herákleion), the largest city in Crete, was a delightfully light and airy place

where we could get close to the exhibits of Minoan antiquities arranged in 23 halls. The colors of many of the old frescoes are still vivid. The gorgeous gold jewelry that was found in the ruins at Cnossos was as modern as today. The huge pottery jars once stored oil, wine and grain.

Our last island, Santorini, is famous for its donkey rides up the sheer, 180 m-high volcanic cliffs. A volcano in the middle of the island erupted in 1500 BC and created a bowl with sheer rock walls. Legend has it that Santorini was part of the lost continent of Atlantis.

After we took the

tender from our cruise ship to the small wharf on the island, there was a real separation of the men from the boys, or the donkey riders from the non-donkey riders. My husband and I cheered enthusiastically and took pictures of our more adventurous friends as they rode the sturdy little donkeys up the switch-back path to the top of the cliff where a charming little village is located. (Nobody told them that they had to walk back down the path under their own steam.)

We contented ourselves with strolling around the wharf area where we spotted a tiny Greek Orthodox church, all white outside from its door to its bell. The interior was painted a startling blue, highlighted by the ever-present candles and icons, with high-backed wooden pews. It was one of our last sights of blue and white, the colors of Greece. ☒



Legend says the island of Santorini was part of the lost continent of Atlantis

Their purple, red and pink complement the grey of the stone walls and buildings.

Massive stone blocks still remain in the harbor at Rhodes, where tradition has it that one of the Seven Wonders of the World, the Colossus of Rhodes, a bronze statue of Apollo, 30 m high, once stood.

The village of Lindos also has much of interest for the visitor to Rhodes. The acropolis there looms dramatically from a cliff overlooking the sea. There are other attractions: Old Turkish fortifications, a Crusader church and castle.

But Rhodes offers much for the non-history buff too: Nightclubs, restaurants, delightful beaches with clear water, and year-round marvellous weather.

Crete, the oldest and largest of all the Greek islands, placed a close second in our private popularity poll. It was named for the beautiful lilies which compete for





ahhh...FREEPORT, GRAND BAHAMA. What would you say to a country club island, where the games people play start with golf and tennis, and end with blackjack, roulette and craps in one of the most lavish casinos in the world! *ahhh...that's better.*

ahhh...NASSAU & PARADISE ISLAND. What would you say to loads of history, tradition and Old World charm? To an island so heavenly it's called Paradise, where the luxury hotels, casino and nightlife make it one of the



most exciting resorts on earth? *ahhh...that's better.*  
ahhh...FAMILY ISLANDS. What would you say to no TV, newspapers, shoes or worries? To a style of living that's un-

complicated, unhurried and a little old fashioned? To people who treat you like family instead of like a tourist? *ahhh...that's better.*

ahhh...BAHAMAS. Different from other islands. Different from each other. If you could be there right now, we know what you'd say. See your travel agent. The sooner, the better.



**It's Better in The  
BAHAMAS**

***The sooner, the better.***



***ahhh...that's better.***



## SMALL TOWNS



### Port Hawkesbury, N.S.

*A decade ago, this little Strait of Canso town got all dressed up for a boom that never happened. Now the politicians are promising once again that prosperity — built on offshore gas — is just around the corner*

By Stephen Kimber

**T**he four-lane highway rushes through the middle of Port Hawkesbury on its way to nowhere. Treeless, bungalow subdivisions, constructed in a desperate hurry a decade ago, nuzzle lazily up against the highway, separated from each other by broad fields of still-undeveloped scrub brush. Although it boasts three shopping centres, a modern educational and recreational complex with its own theatre and swimming pool as well as a curling club, a sports field and a rink, there aren't nearly enough people in Port Hawkesbury to make full use of all of them. It is an unfinished picture

of a place, an overly ambitious painting the artist abandoned in mid-canvas.

But today, a decade after the original artists — a group of Liberal politicians and planners — ran off in despair, there is talk the picture may finally be completed. A new generation of Tory politi-

The town's like an unfinished painting

cians and planners has arrived in Port Hawkesbury with new brushes: New subdivisions to subdivide, new industries to integrate, new promises to promote.

The Port Hawkesbury of tomorrow, they predict, will be fuelled by offshore gas. They say the community, located on the Cape Breton flank of the Strait of Canso just 117 nautical miles from the Sable Island gas field, is an ideal supply and service base for offshore exploration as well as a logical land link for an eventual pipeline to bring the gas to shore. Port Hawkesbury, they add, might also get a huge, 70-acre offshore construction yard and a petrochemical complex, and become the southern terminus for Arctic gas shipments.

It sounds so fine the boys at the Skye Coffee Club try not to remember they've heard it all before. The coffee club is an informal group of 20 local men — including everyone from the fire chief to a retired construction worker to shift workers at the pulp mill — who get together at the Skye Motel for half an hour every morning and evening to



Port Hawkesbury has a small, smoky skyline of new industries

PHOTOS BY OWEN FITZGERALD



drink coffee and, as club founder and deputy mayor Hector MacInnis puts it, "solve the problems of the world."

In this most political of Nova Scotia towns, however, the gathering at the Skye involves mainly Liberals. The Shieling, the Tory motel, is across the street. It's owned by Dr. Bernie MacLean, brother of former Tory MLA Dr. Jim MacLean and current MLA Billy Joe MacLean. Billy Joe built the motel with the help of a loan from the Tory provincial government in the Sixties. After what he called a decade of harassment by Gerald Regan's Liberal government (its minister of Development owned the Skye), the government loan board foreclosed on Billy Joe and sold the motel to a company that turned out to be owned by Bernie. Bernie then negotiated a loan for the entire \$700,000 purchase price from the new Tory provincial government. The boys down at the Skye don't even wink when you ask them about it. It was just political business as usual here. Besides, they have more important things to talk about.

Tonight, they're chewing over the winter's surprising snowlessness — "I picked three pansies outside the house today," ambulance operator Dennis Haverstock brags as someone pours another round of coffee. "Pansies! In January! Can you believe that!" — and kidding Hector MacInnis about his upcoming trip to Scotland. MacInnis and a local delegation are going there to get pointers on managing the coming offshore boom. It's his second visit in two years. "I'm very optimistic about the offshore," he says with a grin.

"People still want to believe, they really do," allows Bill Martin, editor of *The Reporter*, a regional weekly newspaper he helped found 16 months ago, "but enthusiasm is on the wane here. Very few people want to hear yet another announcement of yet another study."

Bruce Lee, host of a weekly talk show on CIGO, the local radio station, agrees: "You hear the news stories — new gas finds being announced, a 25% tariff being put on oil rigs built outside the country, a company looking at setting up a yard to build rigs here — and you say to yourself, 'Jesus, it's out there! It is going to happen!' But the people who call in to the talk show just sit back and say they'll believe it when they see it. The trouble is they've heard it before."

**T**hey have. In the late Sixties and early Seventies, Halifax and Ottawa politicians predicted Port Hawkesbury would become the postcard-perfect symbol of Nova Scotia's emergence into the industrialized 20th century. The creation of the Canso Causeway in 1955 had inadvertently turned the Strait of Canso into an incredible 20-km long, ice-free deep-water harbor capable of handling the world's largest oil tankers, as well as even larger ones still on the drawing boards. What better spot for a massive

oil refinery, a petrochemical complex, a huge power generating station, a deep-water, common-user dock, a grain-storage and transshipment facility, a heavy water plant? And where better to develop the bedroom community and service centre to accommodate all those workers than Port Hawkesbury, the biggest little town in the entire Strait?

But the boom never happened. John Shaheen, who announced plans to build a huge refinery at the Strait of Canso in 1972, went belly-up in Newfoundland in 1974. Plans for the petrochemical complex and common-user dock were shelved, and people soon stopped talking about transshipping grain as well.

Although the town did get a small, smoky, starkly modernistic skyline of new industries — including a heavy water plant and another oil refinery — Port Hawkesbury's population never came close to the 20,000 the planners forecast and for whom the town built new sewer and water systems, schools and recreational facilities. Today, the population of 3,850 is actually 4% less than it was in the mid-Seventies. And, despite all the talk about its limitless future, Port Hawkesbury's immediate

prospect remains bleak. Offshore oil is fine to fill the newspapers with today, but it won't put cash in the registers tomorrow." She considers. "Given how bad things are, what would you tell someone who says he's going to blow his brains out?"

"There have been suicides," says CIGO's Bruce Lee. "People have been out of work so long, they see no future. They just become very depressed." Lee almost discovered what it's like being out of work himself earlier this winter. Burdened by the weight of the region's abysmal economy, CIGO's shareholders debated shutting the station down.

"It was a close thing," admits Gerry Doucet, the 44-year-old former Tory cabinet minister who owns the station. "Port Hawkesbury is at its lowest ebb in 20 years."

But the town, he is quick to add, has been down before. Settled in the late 1700s as a shipbuilding and commercial centre, Port Hawkesbury reached its first zenith during the Golden Age of Sail in the mid-1880s. At that time, it was not uncommon to find as many as 500 ships — from England, the West Indies, the United States and other parts of Nova



There aren't enough people to make full use of recreational facilities

prospects remain bleak.

Many industries have closed or are on the verge of it. Gulf Oil's refinery at nearby Point Tupper, for example, was put into mothballs in 1981, eliminating 300 — mostly highly skilled and well paid — jobs. Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd.'s heavy water plant may soon follow, putting another 400 out of work. Its collapse might then force the Nova Scotia Power Corp.'s electricity generating plant, established mainly to supply it with power, to close or at least reduce its operations as well. That would leave Port Hawkesbury with just one major employer, Nova Scotia Forest Industries Ltd. (NSFI). It employs 1,000 people directly and another 1,000 indirectly in northeastern Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. But it has been plagued by soft world markets. Layoffs are frequent. Unemployment in Port Hawkesbury this winter will tip 20%.

"My phone rings from early in the morning to late at night with people desperate for some kind of work," frets local councillor Doreen Alexander. "People who've never been out of work

Scotia and Canada — riding at anchor in the harbor at the same time. But steam ships, changes in trading patterns and Confederation all conspired to relegate the community to the status of an economic afterthought until the causeway renewed interest 100 years later. When the causeway opened, the community's population barely nudged 1,000. Most residents still lived along Granville and a couple of other dusty streets near the water's edge.

"When we came here 21 years ago," says Doreen Alexander, whose husband had been hired to work at the new NSFI pulp mill in nearby Point Tupper, "Port Hawkesbury was like something out of *Little House on the Prairie*. We used to get our groceries on Friday night in this store on Granville Street that was so small we'd have to wait outside in the car until somebody came out, so there'd be room inside for us to shop. They didn't even use a cash register. Every purchase was written down in a book and you paid for it at the end of the month. It was a great feeling when the first shopping centre finally opened."

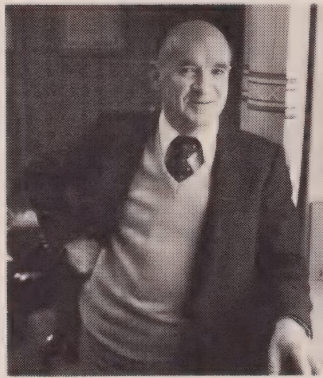


## SMALL TOWNS

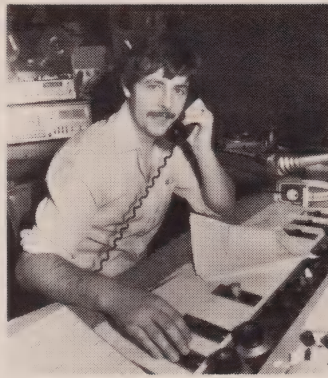
But, like many others lured here by the prospect of a Promised Land that turned out to be mostly promise, New Brunswick-born Alexander now can't think of any place else she'd rather live. She's not alone. Ontario native Bill Martin, another convert, says many Gulf refinery workers who were forced to seek jobs out west when the refinery closed, still come "home" for vacations "and ask around desperately to see if they can find work here."

To the visitor, Port Hawkesbury's charms are not so immediately obvious. Unlike so many picturesque little Nova Scotia communities, Port Hawkesbury boasts no storied old storefronts, historic houses or even monuments to its own past. Most people in this frontier town probably couldn't tell you why the place is called Port Hawkesbury. (It's in honor of a British admiral, Edward Hawke.) That's because the majority of the people who live here were born somewhere else.

"People come here from all over the world," says businessman Joe Shannon. "Swedes, Englishmen, Americans, western Canadians, central Canadians. It's an interesting mix, and that makes



Deputy Mayor MacInnis



Lee: Optimistic about offshore

it a good place to raise your kids and a good place to make your own opportunities." Shannon, a Sydney, N.S., native, has. He moved to Port Hawkesbury in 1964 as a truck driver and now owns his own trucking fleet, six cable television licences, buildings in Halifax and St. John's, tire stores in Port Hawkesbury and Sydney and a Port Hawkesbury pipe yard he leases to Petrocan.

"The thing about a town like this," Bruce Lee adds, "is that you have the feeling nothing is impossible, nothing is closed to you." When he arrived at CIGO from a Sydney radio station six years ago, he intended to stay no longer than two years. "But I'd find it a

wrench to leave now," he admits. "I like knowing I can go into the grocery store for one or two items and come out an hour-and-a-half later because I keep running into people I know."

When Lee learned in December that CIGO would stay on the air because some offshore-hopeful local businessmen had agreed to invest in it, he and his wife, a secretary at NSF1, decided it was time to buy a house here.

"We have a three-year-old boy," Lee says, "and I can't think of a place I'd rather have him grow up. This place has a lot of potential."

Despite his radio station's financial problems, Gerry Doucet is also bullish on Port Hawkesbury's long-term prospects. "Port Hawkesbury is ready to take off," he says firmly. (Ironically, however, Doucet doesn't live there anymore. He moved to Halifax last summer to take advantage of its more promising offshore opportunities. Despite predictions Port Hawkesbury will be at the forefront of offshore developments, Doucet is one of a number of prominent locals — including Marcie MacQuarrie, the former publisher of Port Hawkesbury's *Scotia Sun* newspaper, who now runs a Halifax-based energy newspaper — who've recently left for greener pastures.)

Port Hawkesbury's future prosperity will depend on many factors, most of them not under local control. Will an offshore agreement between Ottawa and St. John's, for example, diminish industry interest in Sable Island gas? Even if it doesn't, will fat Halifax and hungry Sydney — both with more votes and more political clout — get the lion's share of the benefits while Port Hawkesbury picks up the crumbs? Given recent world developments, will there even be an offshore boom?

"It's no sure thing," cautions Joe Shannon. As a member of the local industrial commission, Shannon has been meeting with representatives from AMCA, a U.S.-based marine construction firm considering locating a yard to build rigs at the Strait of Canso. "I heard on the news that the Saudis had just dropped the price of their oil by \$2 a barrel, so I asked them about it at a meeting last night," Shannon says. "They were scared. All kinds of things can happen. Everything can change."

Doreen Alexander still expects the offshore boom to come, but she worries it may destroy rather than save Port Hawkesbury. "We've had upheaval here before and it almost destroyed the community," she says. "When the boom is over this time, we don't want to see the town torn apart. If that was to be the outcome, we'd be better off if nothing happened."

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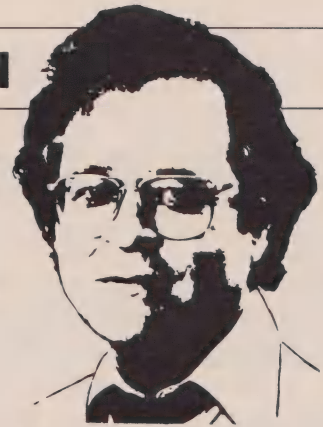
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# Oh what is so cranky as a 60-ish Canadian prime minister?



*A 20-ish British princess, maybe? Close, but no cigar*

**Q**uick now. What have Pierre Trudeau and Princess Diana got in common? Well, they both hate the press. They both wish photographers and reporters would lie down, roll over, shrivel up and disappear; and when the press gets under their skin, they've both demonstrated a childish inability to control themselves. The 63-year-old "statesman" blows his stack as readily as the 21-year-old princess, and more stupidly. They don't react precisely the same way, of course. She sulks, weeps, flees and hides and, in view of the ruthless cheek of Britain's tabloid rags, most people probably sympathize with her. She's just a kid. But Trudeau, who is not, retaliates. He gets sucked into crossing swords. He lets reporters goad him into saying stuff that reveals him not merely as a man with whom no one could possibly sympathize but as Canada's most conspicuous turkey. A somebody who should be a nobody.

He was in his most turkey-like form on his 17-day winter jaunt to seven countries in the Far East. Perhaps he was still peevish over the press's spreading the word that the taxpayers not only pay \$124,600 a year for his salary but also shell out for the wages of his chauffeur, cook, chef, waiters, maids, groundskeepers, household co-ordinator and, indeed, the governess for his three boys. Not to mention his liquor and grocery bills. Now I don't argue that the prime minister of Canada should live in a cheesy, suburban townhouse and put out his own garbage, but the publicly funded perks to guarantee that the Trudeaus may live in the style to which he thinks they should be accustomed have cost Canadians more than \$1 million (not counting his salary) since 1968, and that strikes me as a mite high. Trudeau is a rich man in his own right. Other fathers whose wives have left them cannot get the state to pick up the tab for a governess. If Robert Stanfield were prime minister, can you imagine him sticking the taxpayer for his groceries?

That, of course, is exactly the sort of nit-picking that makes Trudeau as shirty as he eventually became in the Far East. Things went quite smoothly at first. In Thailand, he and his son Sacha donned peasant hats and floated around in a fruit vendor's dugout for the benefit of delighted photographers. He used an axe at a ribbon-cutting ceremony and playfully asked, "Can you imagine what the press would have said if I missed the ribbon with the axe?" Har, har. Even after reporters started to nag him about how he planned to spend

his off-duty hours, the mood at press conferences was one of railleury rather than fury.

One day he took off for a beach in Malaysia. His officials allowed just one photographer to join the group but when they got to the beach they refused to let the guy take photographs. Giving information to reporters on the condition they can't use it is old-hat, but asking a photographer to join the prime minister at a beach party on the condition he not take photographs is surely a breakthrough in the art of restraining the press. Trudeau later told reporters, "One picture of me swimming in the sea destroys the three weeks of planning by officials and two weeks of travelling by me. So I hope you didn't get any pictures of me swimming in the sea, and don't tell anyone I did." In no story that I read did he elaborate on this mystifying statement. Did he mean that a news photo of him cavorting on a beach might disincite men like Sultan Hassanai Bolkliah Waddaula of Brunei from taking him seriously? Or did he mean that some in his own camp didn't want cold, jobless Canadians to see him have a hot time on a foreign shore?

Whatever he meant, he was getting

***"He was in his most turkey-like form on his 17-day winter jaunt to seven countries in the Far East"***

edgy, and when that happens he invariably tries to turn the tables on his harriers. Noting the poor attendance at one press conference, he oafishly took the offensive: "I guess Canadian journalists are goofing off somewhere, have a good time." (Meanwhile, on the other side of the world, Prince Charles and Princess Diana tried to escape the stress of *their* duties by taking a skiing vacation in the Alps; but an international horde of screeching photographers hounded the princess down the slopes and reduced her to a teary-eyed wreck.)

Trudeau was unquestionably working his arrogant butt off in the Far East. The trip was certainly no "paid holiday." Moreover, the press's fixation with the private adventures he had in mind for himself and his son in the Far East was so trivial that, for a while, the journalists looked as bad as he did. Once again, Canadians were carrying on a domestic feud in foreign parts. Over here, it was merely embarrassing to read that Canada's prime minister and some of Canada's best political reporters had gone all the way to Jakarta and Kuala Lumpur to bicker in public. Over there, this travelling sideshow of Can-

adian nastiness must have astounded Asian journalists.

So the press was annoying, but not annoying enough to excuse Trudeau's bungling reaction. He blew his cool so spectacularly that he did exactly what his officials most feared: With a statement so stupid that no one could think of anything else, he drew attention to the vacation aspects of the trip. Why? Bryan Johnson of *The Globe and Mail* said Trudeau was "resorting to acid self-justification" and "boiling with outrage." In short, he lost his head. Once more with feeling, so you shouldn't forget, here is what he said. Remember, please, there were at that moment at least 1.5 million Canadians out of work:

"I point out to you that if I were in Canada now, I'd probably be ending a week's skiing, which everybody else is doing if they're not down somewhere in the Caribbean. There is such a thing as a Christmas vacation and most people are taking it."

Getting in a last jab at his tormentors, he followed up that gem with, "So I don't see why you should be mad at me because you have to be working here, which all of you are not, incidentally." The pathetic aftermath of the affair was an effort by Trudeau aides to persuade the press that he hadn't meant to suggest that your average down-on-his-luck, down-at-his-heels Canadian was out on the slopes or lolling in Barbados. No, no, he was just talking about his fellow MPs, don't you know, and specially Joe Clark. Sure fellows, sure, and elephants fly. Even if you swallowed this line, it meant that Trudeau was so inarticulate he did not know how to say what he wanted to say.

Oddly, he has a reputation as a superior intellect, and he certainly acts as though he thinks the reputation is more than justified. Those who concede that he's cold, unyielding and arrogant, usually wind up saying in effect, "But for all that, he's brilliant." It's Clark who, for years, suffered an image as a dull-witted wimp. Yet I defy anyone to find anything that poor old Joe Who has ever said that's as plainly and purely foolish as Trudeau's immortal utterance about Christmas vacations. John Robert Colombo must already have it filed away for the next edition of *Colombo's Canadian Quotations* so that, a century and more from now, Canadians may ponder it, and wonder, "What in the world got into the man?"



## Famine in the arts world

*While costs rise, funding for arts groups in the region is drying up. For some organizations, that means sharpening survival skills. For others, it means death*

By Roma Senn

Newfoundland's spunky theatre troupe, the Mummern, is dead, starved for want of government funding. The Art Gallery of Nova Scotia is storing \$6 million worth of paintings because there's no room to hang them in the gallery's cramped Halifax quarters. The Halifax-based Atlantic Symphony Orchestra is still "indefinitely suspended." And season's subscription sales at Theatre New Brunswick in Fredericton are down. "How can you tell people unemployed in Chatham, N.B., to buy a subscription?" asks TNB's Nancy Coy.

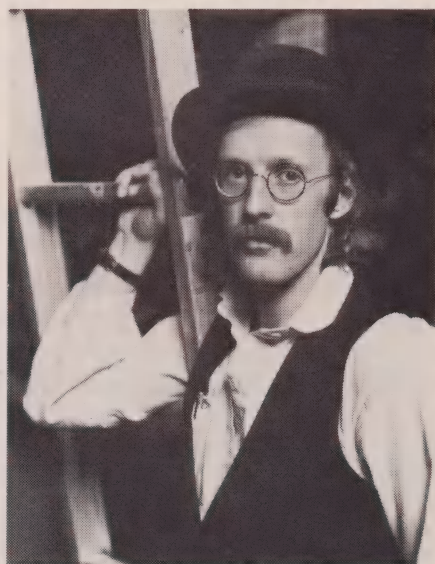
These days, everyone's crying the financial blues, and the arts are no exception. In the past year, at least five Canadian arts groups have folded, and even healthy organizations are pinching pennies.

In Newfoundland, the provincial government has slashed the budgets of its five arts and culture centres — in St. John's, Gander, Grand Falls, Corner Brook and Stephenville — in line with a general restraint program. None of the centres can offer new programs until the new fiscal year begins in April. Then, theatre staff will have to assess new programs and perhaps raise ticket prices. The St. John's centre, a theatre, art gallery and craft-training complex, has reduced the number of stage hands, increased rents to community groups who want to use the theatre. "When the government imposes restraint we don't have any choices," says a centre spokesman. "We can't have a deficit. It's as simple as that."

Heather Morgan, general manager of the largely volunteer Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra, seems surprised when she's asked whether it runs on a deficit. "Naturally we have a deficit," she says. Because of "prohibitive costs," the symphony hasn't toured the province in the past two years and it's trying to cut corners to economize. Higher costs for transportation, accommodation for casts and crew on tour can pinch — and sometimes strangle — groups. Some can trim costs without sacrificing quality: The Mermaid Theatre, a Wolfville, N.S., touring company, last year sold one of the two vehicles it takes on the road. But some groups, such as the now defunct Mummern, would have had to sell out to stay alive.

After eight years of producing gutsy,

popular plays on such themes as union bashing, the seal hunt and silicosis deaths among miners, the Mummern closed shop last fall — and an era of theatre as a vehicle of social change ended in the province. "We probably could have survived," says Mummern co-founder Chris Brookes, "if we had done more middle-of-the-road stuff." No one ever told the Mummern to stick with the tame stuff to get government grants, but when the Mummern produced a play on the negative effects of the offshore oil boom — by coincidence during the discovery of the massive Hibernia oil field — the Canada Council withheld funding. Although corporations provided about



Chris Brookes of now-defunct Mummern

30% of the Mummern's funding, sometimes they couldn't come through. "They'd say, 'We like your work, but we couldn't be involved with anything political,'" Brookes says. The Mummern wanted to bring theatre to rural communities; the province wanted it to tour only the five culture centres. "We never got into the culture houses with controversial shows," Brookes says. With touring costs up and government grants down, the Mummern opted for death with dignity.

There could be more casualties. The recently released Applebaum-Hébert Report (Report of the Federal Cultural Policy Review Committee) worried that the future might bring "a list of closures which may contain the names of the most prestigious performing arts organ-

izations in the country."

Brookes says, "Newfoundland artists are suffering more than in other provinces." Ken Pittman, executive director of the Newfoundland and Labrador Arts Council, a provincial funding agency, agrees they have it rough. Newfoundland's small, widely scattered population means that "it costs a lot to be an artist here," he says. The government has held the council's budget to \$165,000 for the past two years. As a result of what is, in effect, a cutback, the council is spreading itself thin, giving smaller amounts to more individuals and groups. "Organizations are getting drastic cuts in our attempt to be fair," Pittman says.

Theatre New Brunswick expects a freeze on provincial and federal funding this year after a "very good" year in 1982. "Both the province and federal government gave me what I asked for," says Nancy Coy. "I was really pleased." TNB receives 39% of its funds from three levels of government and about 35% from ticket sales, and counts on hefty subscription sales. They're down. "People don't have the \$48 [for a season's subscription for two] for that initial outlay," Coy says. Instead, they say, "we're going to go if we have money at the time."

Although Mermaid Theatre expects to double its \$150,000 budget this year, it has cut administration costs as well as the size of its touring companies. Mermaid recently toured Nova Scotia schools, performing for a total of 17,000 pupils — many of whom were seeing live theatre for the first time. Schools held bottle drives, bakesales and flea markets to raise money to pay Mermaid to perform. Some schools are slow to pay up, and Mermaid is feeling the pinch. "The economy has forced us to be much more creative in how we use our money," says Mermaid administrator Lee Lewis.

Many arts groups complain about the unreliability of government funding. When Quebec's Festival Lennoxville folded last summer after a 10-season run, festival board member David F.H. Marler said the board had made the classic mistake of "counting on a government grant before it is confirmed. Relying on Canada Council grants is akin in some respects to relying on winning a lottery."

Thea Borlase, the Moncton-based Atlantic-region representative for the Canada Council, agrees. "You can't ever count on getting a grant," she says. "So many factors come into play." The Canada Council can no longer afford to support new groups or artists — and some individual artists are really suffering, Borlase says. In real dollars, funding to the Canada Council from Parliament dropped an average of 21.1% annually from 1975 to 1981. Borlase recommends making applications to the Council "as



realistic as possible. There's no longer room for extravagance."

John Neville, soon to leave Halifax's Neptune Theatre as artistic director, says he got fed up with the dishonesty of federal officials. "It's the politicians," Neville says. "It's the half-assed minds of politicians that get me." Since Neville came to Halifax six years ago, he's lobbied for a long-promised new theatre with a second stage to enable Neptune to expand its program. About a year ago, he said he'd settle for a second stage in an older building, but he couldn't even get a commitment on that. Then, after federal officials told him that funds existed for a new theatre and that he should submit a brief outlining the requirements, he learned from the Canada Council that he shouldn't expect any assistance for some time.

Neville says the funding issue is a question of priorities rather than of government restraint. "Politicians and civil servants seem to think that hockey and football come first," he told a reporter last spring. "I still say it's a wrong priority. It puts the arts at the bottom of the list."

Neville's comments sparked a nasty exchange with Edmund Morris, Nova Scotia's Social Services minister, who called the actor "a pompous prig with a gold earring in his ear." He blasted Neville for "running around telling the rest of us who have lived here in adverse times why don't we have \$12 million so that he can put on velvetene bloomers and run around the stage." Halifax, Morris said, would more likely get a new theatre to replace the inadequate 66-year-old Neptune after Neville's departure.

**T**he Art Gallery of Nova Scotia had planned to share a proposed waterfront complex with Neptune, but the province keeps shelving the plans. Gallery curator Bernard Riordon is confident the project will soon be revived. "Nova Scotia is the only province without a proper art gallery facility," he says. The gallery, leased from Dalhousie University, has 13,000 square feet of space but wants 55,000. Funding for the gallery has always been weak, and it's "clearly never been given a high enough priority," Riordon says. The Montreal Museum of Fine Arts expects nearly \$4 million in government grants for 1982-83; the Art Gallery of Ontario, more than \$6 million; the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, about \$400,000. These days, especially, the Nova Scotia gallery is hard pressed. A 15% cut in its last operating budget forced staff layoffs, reduced operating hours and security and limited catalogues accompanying exhibits and other publications. It also halted art acquisitions. Recently, when the gallery acquired four historically significant paintings of Nova Scotia by Dominique Serres (1722-1793) at \$45,000 a piece, many people winced at what they felt was extravagance. But money for the paintings, Riordon emphasizes, came

from "special funds" — a cultural foundation, private and corporate donors.

With government funding shrinking, some groups are looking to corporations to fill the gap. "Money is going to have to come from the private sector," says TNB's Nancy Coy. D. Ray Pierce, of Pierce Associates, a Halifax consulting firm for non-profit groups, suggests fund raisers do their homework before approaching companies for aid. "It's silly to ask for \$10,000 when their whole budget is \$5,000." That often happens, he says. In this tight economy, "companies have become a lot more particular about what they give and to whom they give it," he says. Some will simply have less to donate.

"For all forms of culture we're going to have fewer dollars to spread around," says Chester Barratt, Imperial Oil's Halifax-based corporate manager for the Atlantic region. The oil company ties contributions — about \$75,000 in the region on culture — to profits, and they're down. In 1983, Imperial expects to reduce donations by 5% to 10%. No new groups seeking funds will get help.

Not all the news from the private sector is bad. The corporate giant IBM Canada is sponsoring the current 13-week tour and the upcoming summer season of the hit musical *Singin' and Dancin' Tonight* (it opened last month in Toronto), a Charlotte-town Festival production. *Tonight*, produced without government aid, is expected to make a profit of at least \$50,000. (The 1981 national tour of *Anne of Green Gables* made a profit of \$155,000.) Festival fund raisers had badgered IBM for support for three years.

The Festival's home base, Confederation Centre of the Arts, is slowly whittling away its deficit, partly by attracting private funds to make up for the shortfall from government. "We can see the light at the end of the tunnel," says Bill Hancox, the Centre's executive director. Built as a national memorial to Canada's founding fathers, Confederation Centre is funded by Ottawa at the rate of four cents per Canadian — an arrangement Hancox says is woefully

inadequate. In the past six years, general inflation has climbed 77% and energy costs at the Centre have risen 156%, but the level of funding has remained the same.


Without sacrificing productions, the Centre has budgeted tightly, cut salary costs through attrition, chopped two management jobs, installed an energy-management system that saves 25% on the energy bill. "We have the will to make it work," Hancox says.

There are still optimists around. Jack Sheriff, of Kipawo Showboat, a Wolfville, N.S., community theatre with summer stages in Halifax and Toronto, says business is fine. As an English professor



N.S. Art Gallery's Riordon: Staff layoffs, no new purchases

at Wolfville's Acadia University he can subsidize Kipawo. "When the royalties are getting heavy," he writes plays for Kipawo to perform. No one, he says, should expect the arts to make money. "Theatre is fun," he says.

But most arts groups also need healthier balance books. Confederation Centre's Hancox seems to have hit on a solution to the cutbacks that everyone in the arts is feeling. One reason it works is that he's open with everyone about the lack of money. "We don't hide it. Even the janitor knows," he says. Staff seem to cope well. "Everyone is working together as a team," he says. "We need everyone pulling together." 



# Ken Guild's got a way with wood

*He's created everything from houses to furniture to sculpture. Now, at 58, he's surprised himself by becoming a successful jewelry-maker*

**K**en Guild of Mahone Bay, N.S., has worked at various times as a carpenter, housebuilder, teacher, graphic artist, TV set designer, TV host and sculptor. Now, at 58, he's become an overnight success at making bangles, earrings and pendants of fine, polished wood. Last summer, buyers snapped up Guild's jewelry, sold for the first time by his 12-year-old daughter, Sara, at a Mahone Bay crafts fair. His success encouraged him to make more. At Christmas, he brought his stuff to a Halifax craft fair, where it sold for \$10 to \$50 a piece. Two days there nearly cleaned him out—and made him a tidy profit. No one was more surprised than Guild. "I never make my jewelry for anyone else," he says. "I make it for me." If other people happen to like it, that's "a plus."



PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

Guild had an overnight success...

Only a few boxes of the unusual jewelry remain on a table in the living room of the country-cosy home Guild shares with his wife, Lindy, a Bridgewater travel agent, and their daughter. He's anxious to return to his studio, a converted barn with a wood stove, to make more. Out in the sparsely furnished studio, he's happier than a woodpecker on a tree trunk. "I'm nuts about wood," he says. With exotic woods from South America as well as Nova Scotia varieties, he makes smooth, egg-shaped pendants with wood inlays, bird's-eye-maple earrings, mixed-wood bangles. Each piece is different: Unless he keeps trying new ideas, Guild gets bored. But the fact that he never knows

how a piece will look until it's completed holds his interest. "Until you have it sanded you don't know what color it will be," he says.

Guild, a pleasant, soft-spoken man, can make just about anything. The 93-year-old house that he rebuilt "from the inside out" is filled with examples of his craftsmanship: Bird's-eye-maple end tables, a dining room table made from a packing crate, a commode, a spiffy wood-framed canvas chair he designed (he made more of them for the reception area of Newfoundland's Gros Morne National Park), exotic wood sculptures, a five-foot-high fireplace and bellows. This ability to fix and to create gives him a sense of security. "I'm a bit of a survivor," he says. "If the whole thing stopped, I wouldn't." Even his vegetable garden is the envy of everyone in town.

But Guild is more than a skilled craftsman. Before federal commissions dried up recently, he designed sculptures for national parks in Newfoundland,



...with jewelry like this wooden pendant

New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and for the Bedford Institute of Oceanography near Halifax. In 1978, he "dreamed up this idea" for an eight-foot-high by 12-foot-wide wood sculpture called "Twist 1.5." The National Capital Commission in Ottawa liked the idea, and today, his masterpiece stands in a park behind the Château Laurier Hotel. When he began working on the sculpture, passing drivers booed. As work progressed over two months, they started giving him a victory sign. "It was just wonderful," he says.

The "practical" side of Guild's nature prevented him from becoming a full-time sculptor. When he worked in Toronto in the Fifties and Sixties, he

worried about making money. But he dabbled in sculpting, periodically exhibiting in Nova Scotia, Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba. Today, the prices for his table-sized wood sculptures range from \$200 to \$500. It used to bother him that less talented sculptors received more recognition because they promoted themselves. Guild, "a bit of a loner and a bit of a maverick," never did. Even today he's not sure he wants the publicity of a magazine article. When friends suggest he submit his creations to a craft jury, he shrugs. He doesn't feel he needs to prove himself anymore.

In his varied career, Guild has been "all over the map," he says. "I didn't have much direction early on." He grew up in Rockwood, Ont., a small community north of Guelph, in a family that included three handyman brothers. For as long as Guild can remember, he "liked making things." He always had the knack. "I can make things without being told how," he says. Simply by looking closely at any object, he can create something similar. At 12, without any prodding, he took an old pile of rocks near the family house and created a rock garden.

After serving in the air force during the Second World War and then "bumming round," he enrolled in the Ontario College of Art in Toronto. (A vocational guidance test suggested he study, in order, medicine, dentistry or art. He could only afford art.) In his first year, which "changed my life," he learned to see things and developed what he calls an intuitive awareness. He wanted to return the next year but had no money. With his brother, also in university, he persuaded his father to help foot the costs of building a house they could sell to pay their way through college. They sold the house at a profit even before they'd bought the land.

In 1951, Guild began building his second house — this one for himself — an avant-garde creation in conservative Rockwood. He pored over architecture magazines for the latest innovations such as passive solar heat and thick insulation, which were almost unheard of then. "People came to look and applaud" the fabulous stone house on the hill, built for \$5,500. Even Guild's father, who at first complained that it looked different from the nearby stone houses, started to show it off. Decorating magazines featured the home.

After a stint as Mr. Fix It on TV in Toronto—"I was dreadful"—and as an art professor at the Nova Scotia College of Art in Halifax for nine years, Guild branded himself "virtually unemployable." Now that he's plunged into full-time freelancing and enjoying life in Mahone Bay, he says he'll never take another job. "I am truly independent," he says.

—Roma Senn



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Sydney Pollack (left), Dustin Hoffman in *Tootsie*

## Here comes Hollywood's annual comedy of errors

*The Oscars are a joke and a disgrace. But that never stopped anyone from speculating on the winners. Here's a look at the best of 1982*

By Martin Knelman

**T**he trouble with awards is not only that the wrong people usually get them but that every so often one of the right people gets one, thus contributing to the fallacious popular notion that awards deserve to be taken seriously. Few awards have been as thoroughly discredited as the Academy Awards, which would have us believe that *How Green Was My Valley* was the best movie of 1941 (rather than *Citizen Kane*) and that *In the Heat of the Night* was the best movie of 1967 (rather than *Bonnie and Clyde*). If anyone needed a reminder of how ridiculous the Oscars can be, we certainly had it last year, when we were asked to believe not only that the simple-minded *Chariots of Fire* was the picture of the year but that Henry Fonda and Katharine Hepburn gave the year's best performances in *On Golden Pond*. The movie was nothing more than TV on a big screen, and those two beloved old

pros actually achieved the unlikely by making the material seem considerably worse than it had on the stage. But Fonda was not going to be allowed to die without collecting an Oscar, and Hepburn, though this was quite possibly the *worst* performance she has ever given in her five decades on the screen, has become an untouchable. Besides, the chief opposition was *Reds*, and Hollywood was not about to honor a movie that not only dared to mythologize a Communist but also lost a pile of money.

Never mind. Just because the Oscars are a joke and a disgrace is no reason to stop talking and speculating about them. This year the enchanting *E.T.* is the deserving candidate, and it also happens to be the biggest moneymaker of all time, but it is threatened by *Gandhi*, a draggy blob of an epic whose self-important style and nobility of purpose have hoodwinked a lot of people who should know better. Audiences who sit

through all three dreary hours of it somehow emerge feeling cleansed and virtuous, as if they've done their bit for peace and brotherhood. And of course Hollywood loves to congratulate itself for being on the side of suffering humanity.

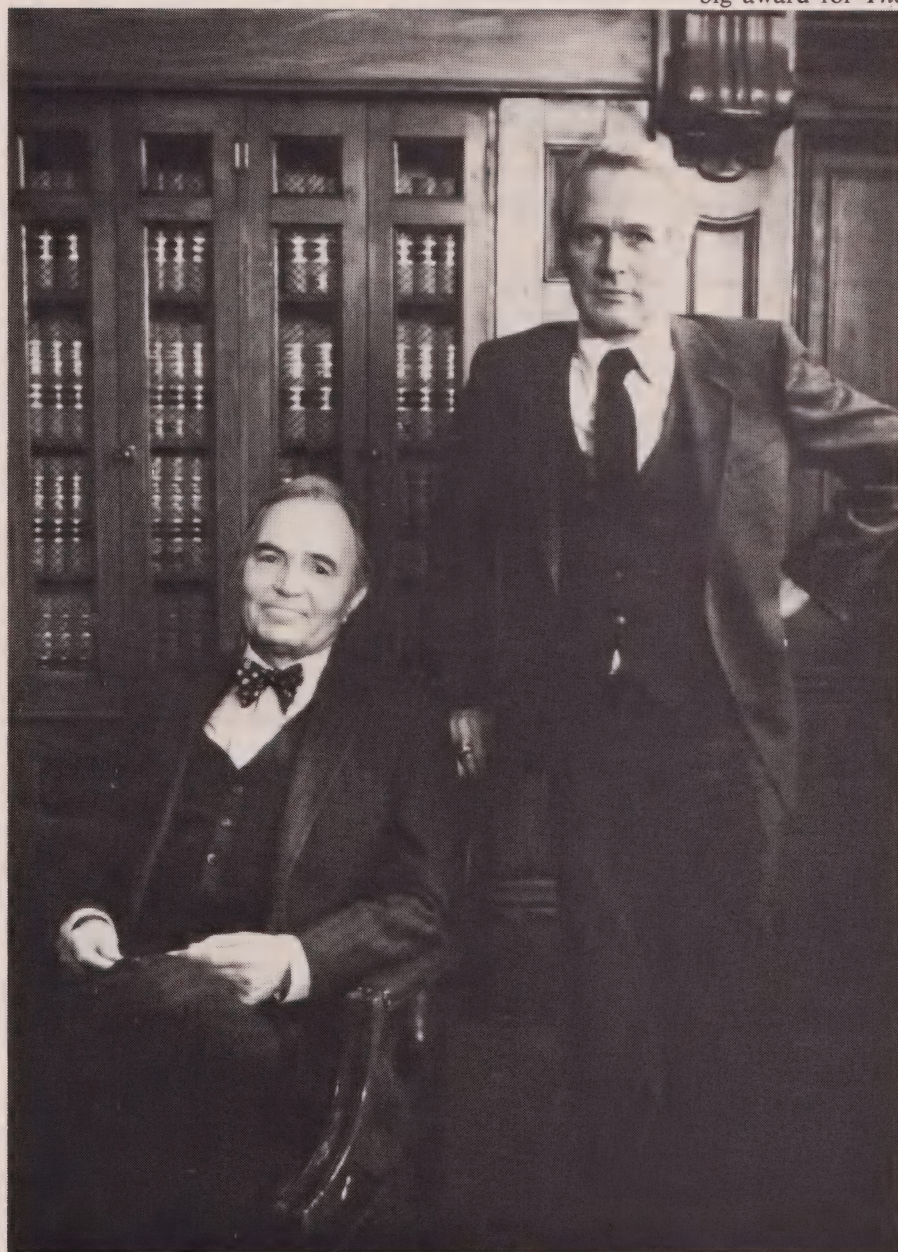
There isn't any lack of high-minded themes among Hollywood's most prestigious 1982 releases. In a year during which there were very few female performances of note, Meryl Streep has been collecting bouquets for *Sophie's Choice*. I confess I have thus far managed to avoid seeing it. I took my cue from Douglas Gibson of CBC Radio's *Sunday Morning*, who began his review by announcing: "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now..." He went on to warn off those who felt they'd had too much of the Holocaust and too much of Meryl Streep; I fall into both camps. I know, I know, critics are supposed to be open-minded, but there are limits. I cast my lot with Isaac Bashevis Singer who, on the Dick Cavett show, condemned the William Styron novel (on which the movie is based) while admitting he hadn't read it. "If he wasn't there," said Singer of Styron, "he has no business writing about it."

This year most of the interest centres on the male performances, where there has been a heated three-way race among Dustin Hoffman (*Tootsie*), Paul





Meryl Streep, as Sophie, Kevin Kline in *Sophie's Choice*



*The Verdict* gave Paul Newman (with James Mason) an uninteresting but popular role

Newman (*The Verdict*) and Ben Kingsley (*Gandhi*). Sentiment will be on the side of Newman who, to the astonishment of everyone, has reached his late 50s without collecting an Oscar. Now it's true that moviegoers have been getting considerable pleasure out of Newman for years, and that he has given several great or near-great performances, going all the way back to *Hud*. But it would be a horrible joke if he won the big award for *The*

*Verdict*, which is one of the least interesting performances he has given in many years. He was much more lively and entertaining in *Slapshot* and *Fort Apache: The Bronx*, which may be why those performances were overlooked. They didn't have the note of high seriousness that's stamped all over *The Verdict*. If it didn't keep announcing its own social significance in the manner of a cuckoo clock gone berserk, it could be mistaken for a made-for-TV courtroom drama. The movie is more carefully rigged than the shoddy trial it purports to expose, and Newman is so ostentatiously damned and downtrodden he practically seems to be holding out a tin cup and asking the audience to put an Oscar in it.

Despite my indifference to *Gandhi* as a movie, even I must admit that Ben Kingsley gives a superb performance which almost (but not quite) holds Richard Attenborough's tastefully soporific high-school pageant together. Kingsley is a veteran of the Royal Shakespeare Company and, luckily for Attenborough, he has Indian blood in him. I don't think I've ever seen a more persuasive job of aging in a major film. If you see him in the new movie based on Harold Pinter's play *Betrayal*, you'll understand that Kingsley's work in *Gandhi* was no fluke. In the potentially thankless role of a London book publisher whose wife has been having an affair with his best friend, Kingsley takes such relish in acting that the whole warmed-over concoction gets a needed injection of vitality.

Still, if I were giving an award, it would go to Dustin Hoffman, who does the best work of his career in *Tootsie*. It certainly helps that the movie itself is one of the few genuine treats to come along this winter. It should also do a lot for the morale of out-of-work actors. Of course the drag act is nothing new. What is new is that when Hoffman is in drag, he creates a completely different character. Indeed, his Dorothy is more likable than his Michael, and when he drops the disguise, the audience may feel as strong a sense of loss as Garbo did at the end of Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast*. ("Where has my Beast gone?" she is supposed to have wailed.) No doubt Hoffman, who is considered hard to get along with, felt gleeful about playing an actor who causes so much trouble that no one wants to work with him, and no doubt he had a deep understanding of the freedom it gives a performer to create a completely new personality so far out that his/her co-workers are more or less in a state of shock.

Just for the record, the director of the year was Steven Spielberg, the best script of the year was *Diner*, and the comeback of the year was Robert Altman. And the ten best movies of 1982 were *E.T.*, *Diner*, *My Dinner with André*, *Tootsie*, *The Devil's Playground*, *By Design*, *Diva*, *Heartaches*, *Come Back to the 5 & Dime*, *Jimmy Dean*, *Jimmy Dean* and *Shoot the Moon*. ☐



# How rotten writing costs you money

*Sixth in a series by Harry Bruce*

**B**ad prose costs society incalculable millions of dollars. No accountant can measure the loss, nor can the auditor-general of Canada. No book-keeping system can prove the dollar cost of clichés in print, of pomposity on paper, of stuffy qualifications, repetition, backwards and tortuous sentences, failures of grammar, precision, coherence. Nevertheless, consider the case of *A Technology Assessment System: A Case Study of East Coast Offshore Petroleum Exploration*. It is not a new example of a government agency's blowing taxpayers' money on abominable prose, but since bureaucratic insensitivity to the importance of competent writing is ageless, its date is irrelevant to my case.

*A Technology Assessment System* was Number 30 in a series of studies that the Science Council of Canada published, and it appeared in the early Seventies. Its authors were Michael Gibbons and Roger Voyer. Voyer had a degree in chemical engineering from Queen's University, and a doctorate from the University of Grenoble, France. Gibbons had degrees in maths and physics. They were certainly qualified for the assignment the council had given them, and if I could only have read their report without fighting to keep from plummeting into a deep sleep I'd surely have discovered that what they had to say really mattered.

My quarrel is not with them. It is with the ignorance, general among senior bureaucrats and the more learned professions, of the importance of good prose. Maybe the problem is not so much ignorance as a failure of respect for the idea that writing is a discipline. Maybe bureaucrats, economists, sociologists, chemists and engineers simply assume that, among highly educated people such as themselves, competent writing is as natural as breathing. If they believe that, they are wrong; and, too often, their prose proves their mistake at public expense.

The cost—not of producing *A Technology Assessment System* but simply of introducing it to a less-than-breathless Halifax press—must have been fairly substantial all by itself. The council brought a couple of its own officers to Halifax, imported expert speakers, sponsored a “seminar,” and invited the press. Later, I quaffed draft beer with the Atlantic provinces reporter for the *Toronto Star*, and he said the event had been so dull and the report itself so stupefyingly obscure that he'd decided

not to write a word about either. A freelancer who wrote mostly for *The Globe and Mail* and business periodicals agreed with him.

But both men had a professional interest in oil-drilling off the east coast, and a prime reason for their failure to try harder lay not so much in their laziness as with the Science Council of Canada. It lay on nearly every one of the 114 pages between the shiny, green covers of the study. It lay in prose that was difficult not because it was “scientific” but because it was inferior.

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**“What’s wrong with the federal government’s campaign to teach French to English-speaking public servants is that it diverts attention from the need to teach English to English-speaking public servants”**

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Perhaps, I should put some proof where my mouth is. Our text for today comes from page 22 of *A Technology Assessment System*. It is not long (though it is twice as long as it needs to be) and it is far from the worst prose in a report that's roughly 400 times its length. I ask you to pay to it as much attention as you can, and consider what you'd do with it:

“Historically, the notion of technology assessment is linked to political and social development that occurred in the United States during the middle and late 1960s. It was during this period that the cumulative effects of technological developments set in train many years previously emerged into social consciousness. While it is not part of this study to describe these events, it still remains a fact that, from the early 1960s onward, Americans became collectively more conscious of the decay of their cities, the pollution of their environment and the incipient violence of the ghettos. In short, they became conscious of a certain deterioration in their ‘quality of life.’ Rightly or wrongly, the cause of much of their blight was placed on the doorsteps of the large public and private institutions whose technologies, it was claimed, were being implemented without due consideration of possible adverse effects which might occur in the future.”

OK? Well, here's what I'd do with it: “The notion of technology assessment arose in the United States during the 1960s. Americans were becoming

increasingly aware of certain results of earlier technological development, of urban decay, environmental pollution, ghetto violence, a deterioration of their famous ‘quality of life.’ Many blamed such afflictions on the big public and private institutions. Rightly or wrongly, they claimed these institutions were imposing technologies on society without properly considering the damage technology might cause.”

What's the difference? I do not expect Dr. Gibbons and Dr. Voyer to agree with me—writers rarely agree with those who tamper with their work—but my belief is that, between their version and mine, there is no significant difference in meaning at all. The only important differences are that theirs is fat, mine is lean; theirs hides repetition behind cumbersome words, mine makes each statement only once; theirs is 149 words long, mine 71.

Padded writing costs money. What if not just one but virtually every paragraph in this one background study is more than twice as long as it needs to be, that the report could say what it has to say in 50 pages rather than 114? Suppose, for a moment, that something like that is true of every report the Science Council issues, and indeed of the thousands of tons of stuff that Canadian governments publish every year. Consider the cost of paper, printing and postage, and ask yourself if bureaucratic disrespect for concise writing is not costing us millions. There's also a less tangible but perhaps even more disastrous cost of bad prose, the one that involves my cohorts' refusal to report *A Technology Assessment System*. This is the failure usefully to communicate to society the insight, wisdom and highly expensive research of brilliant specialists.

What's wrong with the federal government's campaign to teach French to English-speaking public servants is that it diverts attention from the need to teach English to English-speaking public servants. Or, at least, to hire ruthless editors at the top.

Speaking of the top, the executive director of the Science Council when it published *A Technology Assessment System* was the eminent Dr. P.D. MacTaggart-Cowan, and in the foreword to the study he happily asserted that the backgrounds of the authors, plus the fact that one of their consultants was a political scientist, served to show the multidisciplinary approach needed to tackle such research. Trouble is, there's a discipline the multidisciplinary approach is forever ignoring. It's called good English. You might even call it a science. ☒



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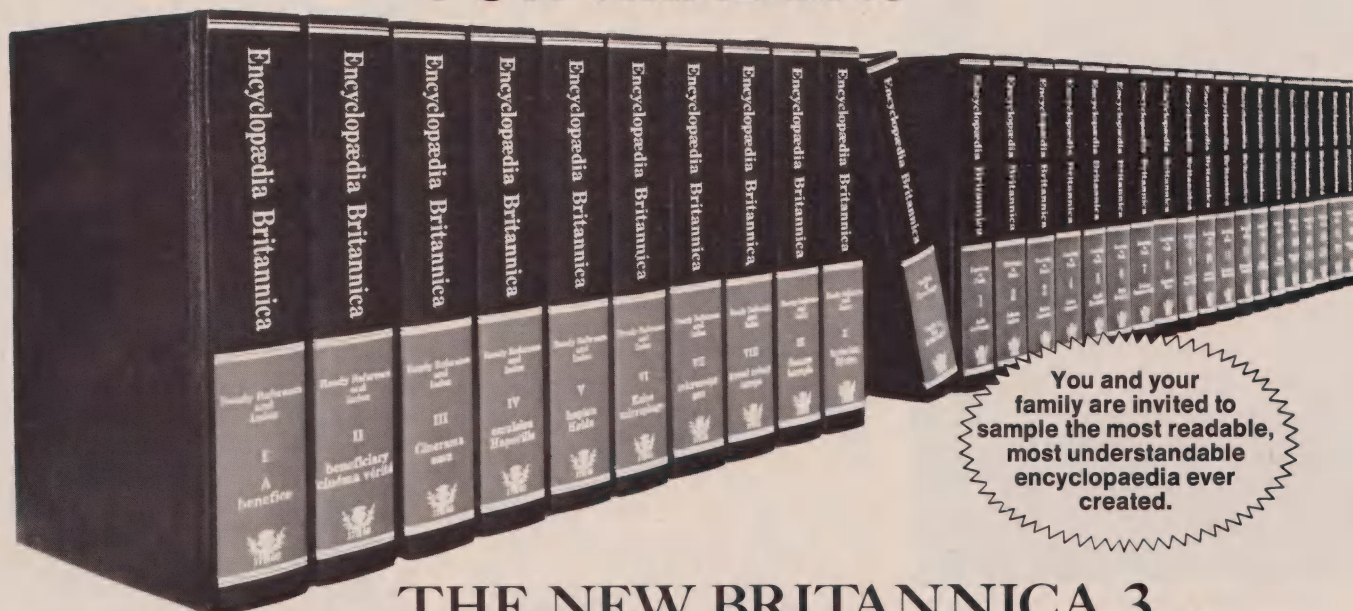
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## FOLKS



Shaw: By horse, sleigh or truck, he delivers

**R**obert Shaw, 75, of Cape Wolfe, P.E.I., says he could just about drive his 51-km mail delivery route blindfolded by now. No wonder. Shaw, who's Canada's longest-serving rural mailman, has been delivering mail to his friends and neighbors in western P.E.I. almost every working day for more than 53 years. Like the route, his cargo of letters, newspapers and magazines is usually predictable. But there have been exceptions. About six years ago, Shaw delivered an innocent-looking package that turned out to be a bomb. (Someone alerted the RCMP, who detonated it on the shore.) And one day, he had a registered parcel for a Campbellton woman containing the ashes of her sister. "I'd known them both pretty well," Shaw says. "It did feel a bit strange." Before he bought his first car in 1949, he covered his route with a horse and wagon or sleigh. In summer, his wife, Ada, drove the mail while he was busy with farm chores. In winter, the roads were sometimes so bad, he didn't get home before dark. Shaw, whose route includes Bloomfield, Campbellton and Miminegash, renewed his contract with Canada Post last spring. And he has no plans to retire soon. "I like to keep going," he says. "I think sitting around is the worst thing you can do."

**I**n 1881, the sisters at Notre Dame Convent in Tignish, P.E.I., put on a tea party to raise money "to buy a beautiful organ for the church," according to convent records. The \$2,400 organ was installed in the Church of St. Simon and St. Jude in 1882. A century later, the organ became known nationally for its historical significance and distinctive sound. "It was the type that Bach had," says **J. Henri Gaudet**, the church's present organist. "It's a purer, truer form of

music." While many church organs were converted to electric power to provide the connection between the action of the keys and the pipes, the Tignish organ retains the original "tracker" action. When the keys are depressed, a series of wooden rods and levers interact to create the sound in the pipes. "I think the only reason it's still intact is because electricity didn't come to Tignish until the 1950s," Gaudet says. He headed a restoration fund drive in 1970, and the organ was rebuilt. The results are magnificent. The acoustics of the 1,200-seat church are well suited to the organ's 1,118 speaking pipes, ranging in height from six inches to six feet. Gaudet remembers the impression the organ made on him when he was a boy growing up in Tignish. "The sound of the foot pedals was just like thunder and there's one stop — well, the sound just rolls!" Coincidentally, Bernard Poirier, organist at the Church of Notre Dame in Montreal for 35 years and director of the Montreal Conservatory of Music, was born in Tignish in the same month and year the organ was brought to the church. To celebrate the double centennial, Gaudet, who's written a book about the organ, organized two recitals in the church with talented organists. The most recent, by Montrealer Geneviève Lagacé, will be heard in March on CBC Radio's *Arts National* program. "I honestly think that organ is doing much more for Tignish than anything else right now," Gaudet says.

**T**oronto pimps and booze bribes to policemen are natural subjects for poet **Ron Young**. He's a Toronto plainclothes policeman. But his recently published poetry collection, *Relics and Souvenirs*, also contains poems about Raggedy Ann dolls and memories of his

Newfoundland home town, Twillingate. Do his colleagues at Number 2 District tease him about his book? "Policemen are a strange bunch — they kid me good-naturedly," Young says. "I think most of them are proud of it." Young, 39, has been writing poetry "nobody ever saw" since he edited his high school yearbook in Newfoundland. Now the 12-year veteran of the force says he only gets time to write "either late at night or when I'm driving on long trips. Then I can hardly wait to get where I'm going so I can write it down." His reputation as a poetic policeman has kept Young busy with interviews, and his book is also part of a literature course at Oakville's Sheridan Community College. A father of two, Young admits that writing "is a form of release" after the pressures of police work. He's also working on "a futuristic juvenile novel," and two contemporary songs he's penned are being recorded by a Toronto vocalist. "You can't force yourself to write," he says. "It has to flow. I'll finish the novel one of these days."

**M**odel-turned-actor **Eric Murphy** wants to be known as more than a pretty face. After four years of high-powered modelling assignments in such centres as Paris, London and Milan — clearing \$300 to \$500 a day — Murphy, 30, has completed work on his second major movie role in a year. With Rachelle Leger of Moncton, he starred in *Window*, an English and French production of Halifax's Doomsday Studios, the story of two sexually troubled people who indulge their fantasies. When Murphy, who has a master of arts degree in political science from Quebec City's Université Laval, returned to Canada about a year ago, he took drama classes



Poet-cop Young and new book: "Policemen are a strange bunch . . ."





DAVID NICHOLAS

Actor Murphy still models to pay the rent


in Toronto and accepted the idea that "I'd audition and scrape like everyone else." He still models to "pay the rent" in the Toronto home he shares with his wife, Clarinda Leach — a graduate of Dalhousie University whose family lives in Halifax — and their newborn baby, Lillian Esmé. The six-foot-two model began "small potatoes" modelling as an Ottawa teenager and occasionally works for a Halifax agency but says, "I don't find modelling stimulating." Too many people in the business begin to live the image they portray in photographs, says Murphy, who likes to wear a well-worn university jacket. He wants to be seen differently. When he landed a job representing an exclusive, Paris-based line of men's wear abroad, he says, the company could see that "I had a little more grey matter than the average model."

**D**id you hear about the man who's trying to winterproof salmon by using antifreeze? This is no joke. It's a serious study by **Choy Leong Hew**, a biochemist at Memorial University in St. John's, who's experimenting with transferring the antifreeze protein gene of a flounder to a salmon. If he's successful, Atlantic Canadians will be able to farm salmon in coastal inlets and feast on the pink delicacy all year round. The cold, icy waters of the North Atlantic make it impossible to farm salmon now. But, with the flounder's antifreeze gene, salmon could withstand temperatures as low as minus 1.3 degrees C, about as cold as sea water gets here. Hew, working at Memorial's dome-shaped lab at Logy Bay, says the research combines cloning and genetic engineering. Researchers extract the antifreeze gene from a section of the winter flounder's DNA (dioxynucleic

acid) and insert it with a micro-needle into the nucleus of a salmon egg. If the fertilized egg survives, the young fry will be safeguarded, like the flounder, against the cold. "This is the first time gene transfers have been attempted in fish," Hew says. "And if we're successful, it will only be a matter of time before the technique is applied to other things, such as developing faster growing trees and harder food plants." The research project is a three-year effort, the time it takes a salmon to mature, and Hew expects to have his first fry this month.

**Jim and Kay Bedell** of Hatfield Point, N.B., have retired from teaching school, but they're not prepared to put their feet up and let somebody else worry about the world. Jim, 71, and Kay, 67, have been staging dramatic protests for years against world armament and the spread of nuclear technology. In 1977, they joined a group that sailed out in rubber dinghies to try to block the arrival of a key piece of the reactor at the Point Lepreau nuclear generating station near Saint John. Three years ago, they staged an anti-nuclear, nine-day fast at the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel across the street from the New Brunswick legislature in Fredericton. Then, last May, they walked 896 km from the New Brunswick border to New York City to participate in a giant peace march. "It was an amazing experience for us," Kay says. This spring, the Bedells are adding another wrinkle to their protest. Instead of mailing a single cheque for their income tax payment to

Revenue Canada, they'll deduct the portion they estimate would go to the Department of National Defence and send it to the External Affairs Department for use in the world disarmament effort. "We feel," says Kay, "that the military expenditures are pernicious and largely futile."

**F**our years ago, 79-year-old **Edmund Roberts** of Norton, N.B., found 13 discarded dolls in a local dump. It was a big break for everybody concerned. Deciding that "you're too darned nice to burn," Roberts took the dolls home with him, cleaned them and dressed them in new clothes. Today he says that the doll-collecting hobby that emerged from his lucky find "has kept me alive." Told by his doctor to quit work because of medical problems, Roberts began filling idle moments by adding to his doll collection. His 236 dolls include an Elvis Presley doll for which he's been offered \$500 and others he's named Queen Victoria, Lady Godiva and Phyllis Diller. A favorite is Charlene, named after a little girl who wanted to sell it to Roberts for \$5 so she could take a trip with her school class. Roberts lent her the money, but the girl let him keep the doll anyway. "Well, I'm not too old to play with dolls," he told her. These days he adds to his collection by visiting flea markets, yard sales and country fairs. "Little kids come in all the time" to see the dolls, and he has a story about each to tell them. "The doctor says I couldn't have taken up a better hobby." 

JAMES WILSON



Doll-doctor Roberts and collection: They're just too nice to burn



## Have crayons, will travel

*In rural P.E.I. parents and kids are testing a mobile pre-school that's unique in Canada*

**F**or Nathan Bald, aged 1½, it's been a great morning. By curling his chubby fingers around the wooden bars of the jungle gym and heaving himself up, he's made it to the top platform. His crows of glee and clapping hands show how proud he is, and several adults in this church hall in Montague, P.E.I., join in, giving Nathan the applause he deserves. His father, Andy Bald, beams. It's a warm moment for parents and children attending a session of Play And Learn (PAL), a federally funded pilot project for pre-school children and their parents in eastern P.E.I.

The project is unique in Canada. A van containing toys, educational materials and a small staff travels to eight rural communities, setting up shop in church halls, empty school classrooms, service club buildings. About twice a month, parents and

pre-school children from each community attend a day-long session with PAL free of charge. The children can play with the toys, each other and their parents. Parents can spend time with their own children in a neutral setting, meet other parents and get tips from child-care professionals.

Before PAL started last fall, services for pre-school children in rural P.E.I. were practically non-existent. Nearly 80% of the day-care centres are in Charlottetown. The Island has no kindergarten legislation, and is the only province that doesn't provide grants to day-care centres, which have to depend solely on parents' fees. Average-income earners who don't qualify for assistance sometimes find it impossible to pay the \$50 to \$55 per week the centres must charge. In 1982, 10 day-care centres on the Island were forced to close. In some communities, unemployment is as high as 40%, and many jobs are seasonal. Even if day care is available in a nearby town, parents may have no way of getting their kids there. In such circumstances, family problems can become magnified, and child abuse and neglect cases surface.

The PAL project began to take shape after a group of professionals and parents went to the federal Department of Health and Welfare with a proposal for a mobile service to rural areas. When the feds approved a grant of nearly \$200,000 for a three-year program, a permanent board was formed by members from each community the van was to visit. The board hired a director, an early-childhood resource worker, a parent resource worker and a secretary.

PAL is designed to be as important to rural parents as to their children. "So many people out there are so isolated. They don't have the extended family they used to have," says Clara Roche, a social services worker who has travelled Kings County for more than 11 years. "There are certain pockets where social isolation is definitely a contributing factor to child abuse and neglect. Also, a lot of single parents don't get out much. Financially, they can't afford it, and in the rural areas, there's nowhere to go."

PAL offers a support network. "Every couple experiences problems with their pre-school children at one time or another," says Danny Gallant, chairman of PAL's board of directors. "Rather than getting frustrated and feeling they're the only ones with problems, they find out that it's normal."

For abnormal problems, PAL can find help. "We were concerned that parents in the rural areas never saw a social worker until there was a real crisis," says Kathy Rochon, early childhood co-ordinator for P.E.I. "PAL, as well as learning and development for children, was seen as a way to make people more aware of the services that exist, and just to bring people together, to get them to talk and use each other as resources."

From the beginning, the response showed that the need was there. "We had anticipated numbers like 10 or 12 parents to start with," says project director Audrey Barter. "In one community, we had a register of 72 children. We've had as many as 55 there in one day, with about 30 parents."

When children arrive at PAL at about 10 a.m., they can play on the climbing gym, with building blocks or puzzles, or any other toys they're interested in. At 11, there's an activity for everyone — finger painting or making playdough. Sometimes there's a singing session after this, then a quiet time. "We have to have flexibility," Barter says. After lunch, another activity is scheduled.

At the Montague Centre, Linda Fry of St. Georges works on a Sesame Street puzzle with her son, Joel, 2½. "There's a lot of stuff that we couldn't afford at home," she says. "The mothers all get together at a special time to see each other. There's a real lack of facilities for young kids. It seems all of a sudden at age five, the whole world opens up."

In several communities, "Parents for PAL" groups have formed to assist with the program and raise money for special events. Wanda MacKinnon, president of the St. Peters parents' group, says PAL has definitely helped children in her area. "Some were quite shy and backward about being with other children," she says. "They're really coming out of their shells. It's a great help for parents, especially those with just one child."

Kathy Rochon concedes that PAL can't replace good day care. "There can't be the same familiarity with the kids, the same follow-up," she says. But, "If PAL's only purpose was the child, the money would be better spent on day-care centres. But it had other objectives in dealing with the isolation of parents, community development and to make people aware of different services."

The board hopes parents will continue on their own PAL-style programs once government funding for this project runs out. If that happens, it could be the best test of how valuable rural Islanders consider their mobile pre-school.

—Susan Mahoney

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# CALENDAR

## NEW BRUNSWICK

March — Tudor Singers: Montreal's acclaimed professional choir, March 2, Chatham; March 3, Saint John; March 4, Moncton; March 13, Fredericton

March — "Rock and Roll": A hit musical by John Gray, March 5-12, Fredericton; March 14, Edmundston; March 15, Campbellton; March 16, Bathurst; March 17, Chatham/Newcastle; March 18-21, Moncton/Riverview; March 22, Sussex; March 23-25, Saint John; March 26, St. Stephen

March — Moncton Alpines play: New Haven, March 16; Maine, March 18; Springfield, March 30, The Coliseum, Moncton

March — Fredericton Express plays: Sherbrooke, March 1, 29; Nova Scotia, March 5; New Haven, March 15; Maine, March 19; Springfield, March 22, 31; Sherbrooke, March 29, Aitken Centre, Fredericton

March 1-30 — Juried exhibit of paintings by members of the Saint John Art Club, Exhibit Gallery, City Hall, Saint John

March 1-30 — Stephen J. Arthurs:

Thirty-five acrylic paintings of war exercises, N.B. Museum, Saint John

March 1-31 — The Bridgetown Series: Thirty-five watercolors of the Annapolis Valley by Ken Tolmie, Sunbury Shores Arts and Nature Centre, St. Andrews

March 3 — N.B. Spring Quartet, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton

March 3 — Concerts ESSO presents pianist Chia Chou, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton

March 3-6 — Ice Capades, The Coliseum, Moncton

March 5 — Sno-Winter: An old-fashioned winter, Boiestown

March 5-April 17 — Collecting Manitoba's Natural Heritage, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

March 8 — Performing Arts Series presents cellist Ofra Harnoy, Mount Allison University, Sackville

March 10-13 — Canadian Universities Hockey Championship, Université de Moncton

March 12 — Ladies' Madawaska Weavers Curling Bonspiel, Curling Club, St. Leonard

March 12, 13 — N.B. Cup Final, Mont Farlagne, Edmundston

March 17-19 — Antiques Showsales, Riverview Mall, Riverview

March 20, 21 — La Joyeuse Criée with Viola Léger, W. A. Losier High School, Tracadie

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

March 1-27 — Bruno Bobak: Retrospective, 1945-1980, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

March 2-April 3 — Victorian Views: Photographs by Oliver Massie Hill, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

March 7-26 — An exhibit by pottery and commercial-design students, Holland College, Charlottetown

March 14-19 — National Police Curling Bonspiel, The Silver Fox Curling and Yacht Club, Summerside

March 17-April 17 — William Kurelek: Heavenly Heritage, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

March 20 — Musicians' Gallery Sunday Concert Series presents harpist Carol McLaughlin, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

March 26 — The Nylons: Toronto singing group, Confederation Centre

March 28-April 9 — Maxine Stanfield: New paintings by a Charlottetown artist, Holland College, Charlottetown

## NOVA SCOTIA

March — Nova Scotia Voyageurs play: Sherbrooke, March 3, 30; Fredericton, March 6; New Hampshire, March 17; Maine, March 20; Springfield, March 24, 27, Metro Centre, Halifax

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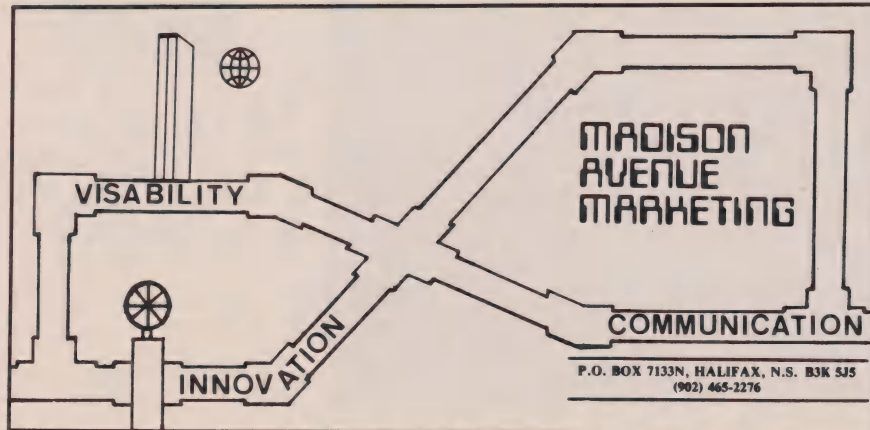
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March — Tudor Singers: Montreal's acclaimed professional choir, March 6, Halifax; March 7, New Glasgow; March 8, Truro

March — Chia Chou: Award-winning pianist, March 5, Pictou; March 7, Halifax; March 9, Antigonish

March 3-31 — Gameboards: 19th and 20th century wood gameboards, Lunenburg Art Gallery

March 4-6 — Halcon VI: Science fiction convention, Loyola Building, Saint Mary's University, Halifax

March 4-April 3 — Pop Art: British and American artists of the Fifties and Sixties, Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, Halifax

March 4-May 16 — Nova Scotia Art Bank: A juried collection of crafts, Art Gallery of Nova Scotia

March 6 — Sunday Brunch Series presents Hans Hofmann Remembered: A symposium with Aileen Meagher, Ron Shuebrook and Ruth Wainwright, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

March 7-April 15 — McAlpine Collection: Screenprints, lithographs and etchings by contemporary British artists, Macdonald Museum, Middleton

March 8 — The London Savoyards: A quartet of artists in a feast of Gilbert and Sullivan, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

March 10-April 24 — The Lost Craft of Ornamented Architecture: Canadian Architectural Drawings, 1850-1930, Dalhousie Art Gallery

March 11-April 3 — Appropriation/Expropriation: Recent work from the Halifax community, Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery, Halifax

March 11-April 13 — Neptune Theatre presents "The Apple Cart," by Bernard Shaw, Halifax

March 14, 15 — Cleo Laine and John Dankworth: Internationally acclaimed singer and her husband, an orchestra leader and jazz musician, Dalhousie Arts Centre

March 14-April 15 — Edith (1867-1954) and Lewis (1871-1926) Smith: An exhibit of oil paintings, watercolors and prints, Bloomfield Centre, Antigonish

March 16-April 23 — William Eagar: Works by an early 19th century Irish-Canadian artist, Saint Mary's University Art Gallery, Halifax

March 18-April 29 — Student Choices from the Permanent Collection, Hector Centre Trust, Pictou

March 26-April 9 — Tom Roberts: Oil paintings of the Maritimes, Manuge Galleries, Halifax

## NEWFOUNDLAND

March — Bedroom Farce: A comedy by Alan Ackybourn, Arts and Culture Centres, March 13, Gander; March 14, Grand Falls; March 15, Corner Brook

March — Tudor Singers: Montreal's acclaimed professional choir, March 10, St. John's; March 11, Corner Brook

March 4-27 — Newfoundland Yard Art, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

March 10-26 — Oil paintings: Ron Fredette, Burin Peninsula Arts Centre, Marystown

March 12 — Cleo Lane and John Dankworth: Pop, jazz and classical music, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

March 12-18 — Labrador City Winter Carnival: Parade, snow sculptures, tobogganning, skiing, dance, Labrador City

March 16-19 — Wonderful Grand band: Music by one of Newfoundland's most original bands, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

March 16-26 — Rotary Music Festival, Arts and Culture Centre, Corner Brook

March 17 — Catholic Women's Society St. Patrick's Day Concert, Arts and Culture Centre, Gander

March 18-20 — Colleen Bonspiel, Carol Curling Club, Labrador City

March 20 — The Halifax Chamber Choir and the Saint Matthew's Church Choir presents the Mozart "Requiem" and the Fauré "Requiem," Saint Matthew's United Church, Halifax

March 22 — Theatre Ballet Canada: A talented dance ensemble, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

March 25 — The Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra featuring soprano Roma Butler Riddell, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

March 27 — Ryan's Fancy: A spirited folk group, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

March 29-April 28 — John Greer: Sculptural objective, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

## MARKETPLACE

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# Would you believe chicken chests?



**C**hicken chests—never breasts—are what you must order in roadside restaurants while travelling through spots like the Southern Shore on Newfoundland's Avalon Peninsula. To do otherwise would be to give serious offence to all the locals within earshot. This is because of the strong historical Anglo-Irish social mix and the peculiarly Jacobite-Orange Order overtones surviving in such districts. Also, because the word "breasts" in these isolated areas still carries its archaic meaning—to commit an unspeakable act with a head of Danish Ballhead cabbage.

A colleague once gave this valuable piece of advice and information to a squad of mainland journalists here to survey some particularly gruesome political scrimmage or other. Apart from the definition of breasts, *The Globe and Mail* swallowed this bit of gibberish whole and spread it in print around the nation, and I'm not sure but I think *Maclean's* magazine followed suit.

When Dr. "Dictionary" Story's mainland mother-in-law once asked him why Newfoundlanders smoked so much, he quickly replied that it was a part of our precious economic and social heritage.

Almost from the cradle, he explained, little Newfoundlanders are trained to sit on the floor and puff tobacco smoke upward so as to smoke the fish hanging from the rafters. Those who learn early to blow smoke rings which encircle each dangling fish to cure it more efficiently are rewarded with sweetmeats and a half day off on Wednesdays—which is where he went too far and the dear woman twiggled.

This is a widespread recreation and thousands of bits of such whimsy are spread abroad each year. Roving reporters are especially prized game and their credulity seems to increase with the distance they have roved to get here. On slow days, there's fierce competition to be interviewed by one.

By the time he gets to you, he will have already filled his quota of three taxi drivers, two hotel clerks, three cabinet ministers and five barflies. His picture is shaping up. It is your joyful responsibility to round it out.

Know your market. If it's a researcher for *The Journal*, for instance, try to determine if it's a bit for Mary Lou he's wrestling with or a piece for Barbara. Chances are it'll be for Findlay because she always gets the fluffies whereas Frum is given the heavier stuff like Armageddon and the implications of Trudeau's latest facelift.

Productions like *The Journal* go to

the fringes for their nightly fluffies. Newfoundland is definitely Mary Lou territory. Frum gets us only in time of titanic catastrophe or a visit by a federal deputy minister.

We mustn't feel bad about this. If Prince Edward Island sank today, Mary Lou would toss it off tonight. Unless, of course, it had gone down with Peter Gzowski and the roving crew of *Morningside* aboard, in which case Barbara might find it adequate to her talents.

So, 10 to one, what your man wants is fluff and fluff you must jolly well give him. Colorful background. Quaint asides. Little-known facts.

Always keep in mind the distance your reporter has roved. Anyone from *Atlantic Insight*, for instance, might possibly balk at the revelation that Newfoundland's lieutenant-governors must always marry one of their own sisters, a regally incestuous practice also known among the ancient Egyptians, the old Irish and the Sandwich Islanders.

He might not but it's chancy. A Winnipeg journal would take it down like a shot but the closer to home the more subtle you must be. *Insight* knows whether or not our charming community of Dildo Proper is for real, whereas you had better save Bung Hole Tickle for the man from the Toronto *Sun*.

Much past New Brunswick you might risk divulging that the annual slaughter of seal pups is part of a secret pantheistic rite aimed at establishing Joey Smallwood as mayor of Calgary. But that wouldn't wash in Halifax. They know the truth of it there: That Joey is ritually slaughtered each March amid much pagan prayer for the eruption of Citadel Hill.

All in all, a phone call from a roving reporter is as good a tonic as a free case of London Dock. It is not, however, a simple case of mischief-making. Hospitality is also a lamp unto our feet in this business.

A certain image has been built up of Newfoundland. Before Confederation we were perceived upalong, if at all, as a small island somewhere off Nova Scotia famous for its shipwrecks and wild horses. Then came the enlightenment and we had fog for climate, Smallwood for government and screech for society.

This picture was embellished by the "jokes", enhanced by the seal hunt, gilded by carpetbagging scoundrels and rounded off by young Alfie's hysterics about gas and oil. We are not now someone we'd like to meet in a dark alley... as others see us. It's such a strong and established image that, tender-hearted and

hospitable as we are, we don't want to destroy the souls of visiting journalists by telling them that it all ain't exactly so. They know what they've come for. So do we and we cheerfully oblige.

Have we been too smart-assed by half? Hoist by our own petard? Some lily-livers here claim so because Ottawa has apparently swallowed the simplistic caricature of Newfoundland and tries to deal with us accordingly. Let them chuck along another scrap of federal dole and there's astonishment along the Rideau that we don't fall on our faces, our bums bobbing in the Atlantic breeze, speechless with gratitude.

Haven't they dealt with native peoples before? Another 30 years of Canadian munificence and each Newfoundland family will be able to double the size of its shack by adding a room, in which 15½ kiddies can sit blowing smoke at the fish dangling from the rafters. The thoughts of petroleum vice-presidents being entertained here at traditional chicken-chest fêtes is more than the tender sensibilities in Ottawa can bear.

The only thing as gruesome as our present condition within Canada might be the result of our getting the hell out of it. It's the choice between federal ignorance and loathing and completely unfettered independent skullduggery. Take your pick.

If history is anything to go by, a free Newfoundland would become the equivalent of one of those wild west or deep south or rural Quebec towns in which the merchant-mayor, the sleeveen-parson and the bullyboy sheriff are in an unholy alliance against the sheepish townsfolk. Only, in our case now the big city gangs would move in to make the local shoguns look like a bunch of pikers. What's good for General Motors is good for any country. The United Fruit Company lusts after our bananas.

Roving reporters are not much interested in any of this. Mary Lou would rather know about the lieutenant-governor's bedsheets, the Toronto *Sun* is more interested in his sister and *Maclean's* would have to know if it was Admiral or General Dildo-Proper after whom the town was named.

When you're both quaint and stinking rich like us, keeping a straight face is not all that easy.







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